In this issue *of* The Outlook

Vol. 146 June 1, 1927 No. 5

Cover: A highway tunnel on the road through the South Dakota State Park. Photograph by Rise Studio

"Twenty Questions" on General Information. Answered in This Issue of The Outlook 137

Contributors' Gallery 137

An American Viking of the Air . . 139

Sharers in the Glory 139

The Flight 139

House Cleaning First—Privileges Next 140

The Tax Troubles of the Bootlegger . 140

Clear, or end the business 141
Cartoons of the Week

The Menace of Drugs 142

The Mystery of Broken Minds . . . 142

The Coming Comet 142

A Great Collector 142

British Students in America . . . 143

The German Republic Excuses the Empire 143

The Lion Claws the Red Bear . . . 143

Europe's Balance of Peace Shifts . . 143

England and France Shake Hands . 144

Lowman and Doran 144

The Limits of Free Speech 145

Flood Relief and Insurance 146

An Arkansas Traveler 146
By Lawrence F. Abbott

After the Flood 148
By John M. Parker

Economic Europe 149
By Elbert Francis Baldwin, *The Outlook's Editor in Europe*

South Dakota State Park 151
By Peter Norbeck

Garman 154
By Richard Boardman

Ambiguity (Poem) 155
By David Morton

America's Greatest Stake in Rubber . 156
By Clement Schwinges

The Book Table:
Edited by Edmund Pearson

Escort to Leviathan 158
By William Rose Benét

Current Books 162

"To American Catholics." From Letters to the Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook 164

By the Way 165

Rolls and Discs 166
By Lawrence Jacob Abbott

It's the Open Season for Fish and for anglers. In next week's issue of The Outlook there's an article which ought to delight the fish, for it tells how anglers are caught.

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Springfield, Missouri

The Outlook

Volume 146 June 1, 1927 Number 5

An American Viking of the Air

CHARLES LINDBERGH, twenty-five years old, American, climbed out of his airplane on Le Bourget flying field near Paris. A score of men lifted him and let him down to the ground. A multitude, numbering thousands, encircled him.

"Well," he said, "I did it."

Did what?

He had no idea of what he had done.

He thought he had simply flown alone from New York to Paris. What he had really done was something far greater. He had fired the imagination of mankind, he had evoked all that was best in men's hearts and minds, he had erased rancor and suspicion and had lighted a flame of good will, he had started a clean breeze around the world, he had somehow imparted to his fellow-men, without respect of race or nation, a new vigor.

What this young air-mail pilot has accomplished no one could have foreseen.

He, least of all, anticipated the effect of his flight. He started out with a razor, a toothbrush, a passport, and six letters of introduction in his pocket. Apparently he thought that when he arrived he would need to clean up, have a shave, and then start out to make some acquaintances in a land of strangers. Those things that he carried in his pocket were symbols of his achievement. This fellow, who has been received in France with honors usually reserved for a ruling monarch or president, who has received an acclaim from the world like that enjoyed by few men in history, has won his greatest triumph just because he never once thought of it.

If there had been any element of braggadocio, of false pretense, of self-seeking, of vanity, in Charles Lindbergh he couldn't have done what he did. He might have flown to Paris and won the $25,000 of the Orteig prize for the first flight to that city from New York; but he could never have stirred the world into admiration. "We could have gone a thousand miles more," he said, "—or at least five hundred." "What do you mean by 'we'?" he was asked. "Well, you know," he answered, "the ship was with me." He has been nicknamed "Lucky." He deprecates the term. Luck, he declares, is not enough. Does he mention daring? or skill? or intelligence? No. It is his plane, and engine, and instruments.

Wide World

Captain Charles Lindbergh, American ambassador-extraordinary to the world

Charles Lindbergh is the heir of all that we like to think is best in America. He is of the stuff out of which have been made the pioneers that opened up the wilderness, first on the Atlantic coast, and then in our great West. His are the qualities which we, as a people, must nourish. They are certainly the qualities that win, throughout the world, instant recognition and praise.

Sharers in the Glory

SHARING by right in the glory that is Charles Lindbergh's is his mother. She traveled from her home in Detroit to New York to bid him bood-bye. Then, before he started, she went back to her work as an instructor in the Cass Technical High School.

She is the widow of Charles August Lindbergh, who was a Representative in Congress for ten years, was in turn a Republican, Progressive, and Farmer-Laborite, and when he died the Farmer-Labor candidate for Governor of Minnesota. It is undoubtedly to her training as well as to his Swedish and Irish inheritance that the son owes the development of those qualities which have brought him to this extraordinary triumph. She has received deserved congratulations and great honor. She has accepted them only by proxy. "The glory belongs to him," she has said, "but the boy belongs to me—and America." Evidently she has always wanted her boy to be himself. She has described his education and has made it clear that throughout her purpose has been to make it possible for him to develop and train himself. One of the councilmen of the city of Detroit has commented upon Mrs. Lindbergh's training of her son in these words: "Because we love our children we are inclined to repress them. Mrs. Lindbergh was wise enough to allow her son to shape his own destiny."

It is that sort of mother which gets the tribute which her son paid to her. He had arrived in Paris Saturday night. On Sunday morning he was talking with his mother by radiophone.

In the glory of this triumph not the least share belongs to the French people. Their generous reception of the American aviator while the grief over the loss of their own transatlantic flyers, Nungesser and Coli, was fresh, is the surest evidence of French character. If the victor in this competition had been one of themselves, his reception could not well have been more glorious. And Charles Lindbergh showed that the tribute that they gave him was deserved; for the first visit he made in Paris was to the mother of Nungesser. Moreover, in his first speech to the Aero Club, he paid tribute to Nungesser and Coli in which he said that their heroic effort "was a far greater project than the one completed Saturday night." And he expressed the hope that "the brave French airmen may yet be found."

Meanwhile, De Pinedo, the daring Italian, who set out for his return journey to Rome, failed to reach his first stop at the Azores. Wireless reports have been received, however, bringing the welcome news, that more fortunate than Nungesser and Coli, De Pinedo has been picked up from the ocean by a passing vessel.

The Flight

THE flight that ended at Le Bourget began almost unheralded.

It had been known that a young air-

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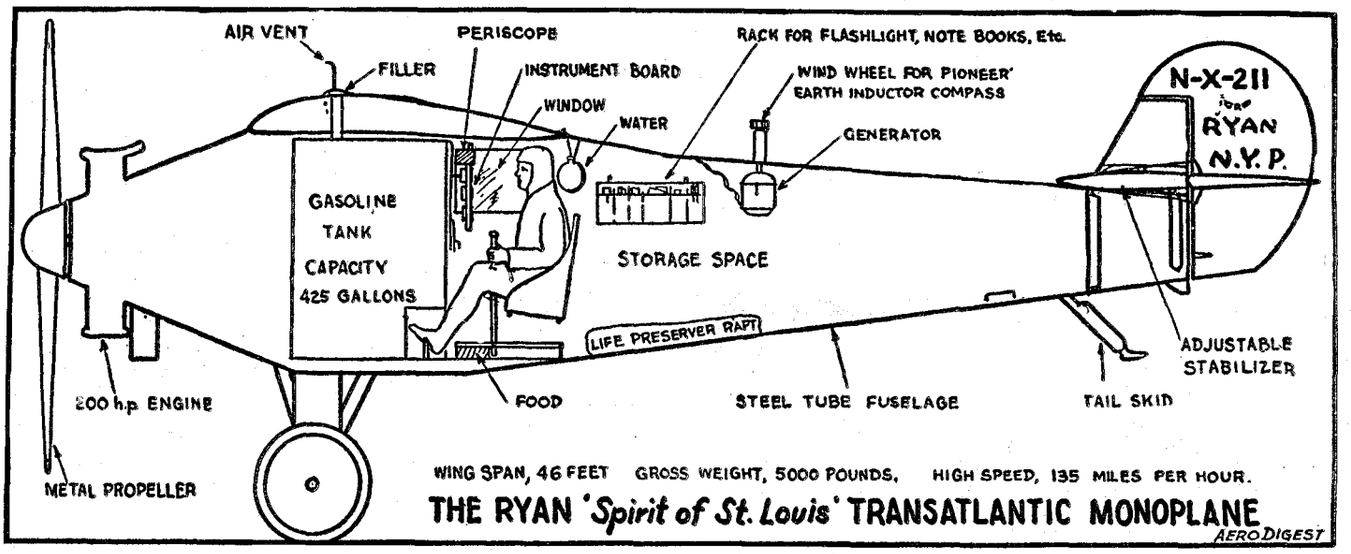

A longitudinal cross-section of Lindbergh's plane

mail pilot had entered as a competitor for the prize of $25,000 which had been offered by Raymond Orteig, a New York hotel man of French nativity. Others were preparing for the transatlantic flight. The Bellanca plane was tuning up on Long Island and was the chief center of interest. Almost without warning, young Lindbergh came from San Diego, California. He stopped only once on his transcontinental flight. That was at St. Louis. He had scarcely arrived in New York before he seemed ready to start again eastward. Then, early one morning, he was up, went out to his plane, and as soon as his fuel tank was filled started on his transatlantic flight.

In his cramped cockpit he faced his fuel tank and instrument board. All that he could see ahead was through a periscope. On each side of him was a window. Down below him was an opening through which he could look to learn of what is known as the drift of his machine. He had no navigator with him. He said he preferred to save the weight. Perhaps also he preferred to save possibilities of a difference of opinion on the way. At any rate, he took an inductor compass. This is an instrument, American made, which sets up an electrical field that holds an indicator in constant relationship with the magnetic lines of force on the earth. Thanks to this instrument, Lindbergh arrived over Ireland within three miles of his objective. On the way he encountered a sleet storm that threatened to cover the wings of his plane with ice and drag him down; but his skill and courage enabled him to fly out of trouble. He swept from ten feet above the water to ten thousand feet, seeking a level where the sleet was not. At last he saw the Seine, then the lights of Paris, then the flying field, and then the shouting, overwhelming multitude.

Now he wears the decoration of the Legion of Honor and is threatened with a medal from Congress. He apparently can have any job he wants from vaudeville up or down. But he says he wants to get back to the air-mail service—if they will take him.

House Cleaning First—Privileges Next

THE American Medical Association, in convention assembled, voted to memorialize Congress, asking for a modification of the Volstead Act which would remove the limitation upon the use of alcoholic liquors for medicine. At the present time the law prohibits a prescription of more than one quart of liquor, or one-half pint of alcohol, to a patient over a period of ten days. In principle the position of the American Medical Association is thoroughly sound. Congress is certainly not competent to pass on what a physician should or should not prescribe for his patients. Principles which are theoretically sound, however, sometimes give rise to difficulties in this fallible world of ours. In the matter of narcotics it has been found that the prescription of such drugs could not be wholly entrusted to the honor of the medical profession. The medical profession, like others, has its black sheep. That is why reputable physicians are frequently annoyed and perhaps hampered by the necessity of securing permits and keeping records of the opiates which they deem essential for the needs of their patients.

The number of doctors who will issue prescriptions for whisky in excess of medical requirements is probably much larger than the number of physicians who would betray their responsibilities by the issuance of prescriptions for other habit-forming drugs. Congress was certainly aware of this fact in defining the present allowance of whisky which may be prescribed by an attending physician. Very competent medical testimony might be cited, showing that the allowance permitted by Congress is more than generous so far as medical needs are concerned, but that is perhaps neither here nor there. If Congress could have been sure that no physician would ever prescribe a greater amount of alcoholic stimulant than he actually believed to be needed, the limitations in the Volstead Act would never have been written into a law.

We doubt very much whether the American Medical Association will be successful in its plea until it couples that plea with evidence that it is ready to take drastic action against those physicians who violate the responsibility that is placed upon them. If it will show that it is willing to urge State license boards to drop from the rolls of physicians all doctors who commercialize the privilege extended to them by the Government, and if it will agree to strike from its own roster all such doctors, it may find Congress more amenable to its desires for a freedom which, in principle, is thoroughly defensible.

The Tax Troubles of the Bootlegger

A BOOTLEGGER'S income from bootlegging is not exempt from tax liability. Uncle Sam does not ask "How did you get your income," but "Is what you got taxable income under the definition of the law?" Theoretically this would hold true also of the nefarious gains of counterfeiting or burglary.

So says the United States Supreme Court's decision in an opinion recently delivered by Mr. Justice Holmes. One Manly S. Sullivan had been convicted of willfully refusing to make a return of his net income as required by the Rev-

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Clear, or end the business

(The Winter's Tale, Act III, Scene 1)

Knott in the Dallas News

Another flood

From M. M. Kornfeld, Dallas, Texas

Knott in the Dallas News

Will the cop keep his back turned?

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

WONDER WHAT HE THINKS HE'S GONNA DO WHEN HE GETS THAT JOB FINISHED?
CHINA
KEEP OFF
REST OF WORLD
EXCLUSION OF FOREIGNERS
TO FOREIGN COMPETITION
ALL YELLOW CHINA

Copyright, 1927, by the Chicago Tribune

Painting himself in

From P. P. Udre, Granite City, Ill.

Kirby in the New York World

Noted Italian artist gets away with moral turpitude

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

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enue Act. It was not denied that he had sufficient income to require a return under the statute unless he was exonerated from so doing by the fact that the whole, or a large part of it, was derived from business in violation of the National Prohibition Act. The Federal Circuit Court, although holding that gains from illicit traffic in liquor were subject to tax, decided that Sullivan could not be convicted for not making a return because of the provision in the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution that a person may not be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself. On appeal, however, the Supreme Court reversed the Circuit Court's decision and sustained the conviction.

In insisting that among taxpayers at least a bootlegger is not a privileged person the Supreme Court, quite unsympathetically made this comment:

> We see no reason to doubt the interpretation of the Act, or any reason why the fact that a business is unlawful should exempt it from paying the taxes that if lawful it would have to pay.

It may be, however, that this bootlegger might have protected his business interest if he had made a return but refused to answer in it questions that seemed to him improperly inquisitive. The Supreme Court is quite positive that he had no right to refuse to make a return, but intimates that if in that return he had refused to answer certain individual questions he might have tested them in the courts.

The whole case has an unconscious Gilbertian touch of humor, especially in the final sentence of the opinion: "It is urged that if a return were made the defendant would be entitled to deduct illegal expenses such as bribery. This by no means follows, but it will be time enough to consider the question when a taxpayer has the temerity to raise it."

The Menace of Drugs

ONE of the greatest dangers that Western civilization faces—because so insidious and silent—is the traffic in narcotic drugs. It is a peril of particular concern to the United States, since the use of drugs in this country is known to be on the increase and to have a direct relation to crimes of violence.

The League of Nations has conducted a systematic campaign against the evil. Progress has not been as great as American foes of the narcotic trade believe it could be, but the endeavor has not been abandoned and advances have been made—such as the limitation of exports of opium from India. Now the League has published a report of seizures of illicit shipments of drugs during the first seven months of 1926, which gives some measure of the threat. Summarized, it runs: Raw opium, 65 tons; heroin, 3,520 ounces; morphine, 10,195 ounces; cocaine, 625 ounces. Since drugs are sold and used in very small doses, these amounts, it is necessary to understand, are enough for an immense illegal business.

The German police are reported to have discovered the existence of a band of international smugglers, carrying on traffic in many countries and "to an almost unbelievable extent."

This League investigation does not deal primarily with opium for smoking, which is a problem of the Far East. It has to do with the traffic in derivative drugs, which is the specific menace to the nations of the West. The making of these drugs centers mainly in Europe. In other words, the menace is one with which the nations of the West themselves should be able to deal by controlling manufacture. That is one of the strategic points at which a blow should be struck—and it is also a point at which it has proved hardest to get the governments of Europe to strike.

The Mystery of Broken Minds

OF the tragedies which have saddened America, there has been none more poignant than the disaster which desolated the town of Bath, in Michigan. A homicidal maniac blotted out the lives of one-quarter of the children of that community by dynamiting the school. It was a disaster so appalling that the mind is bewildered by its contemplation. The sympathy that one feels for the stricken homes is beyond the power of human expression.

Against flood, fire, and cyclone means of protection exist. What can we do to protect our homes against the warped imaginings of such minds as could conceive of finding satisfaction in the mutilation and death of little children? Is there any real means of determining the type of mentality which breeds such a fury? If such tests exist, they are surely a long way from any practical application. The science of the human mind is still in its swaddling clothes.

The Coming Comet

DURING the last ten days in June there will be a comet. Once in six years, the Pons-Winnecke Comet returns from its elliptic trip through interplanetary space, rapidly encircles the sun and earth and drifts outward again.

Not a few people are probably indulging in a little secret worry about the expected visitor, especially because it has been noised about that comets' tails contain the deadly carbon monoxide gas, and that they brush the earth as they pass, with the same certainty that a cow's tail swishes across the face of an inexperienced milkman. Six years ago, when the same comet paid us its last brief call, carbon monoxide was comparatively little known to the public; but the increase in carbon monoxide deaths, due to the running of motor car engines in enclosed garages, has taught people to treat this gas with respect.

However, no comet's poison tail has ever been known to reach the surface of the earth itself, for the latter lies at the bottom of a protecting sea of air sixty miles or more deep. Moreover astronomers can say with certainty that even were the Pons-Winnecke Comet to sport a tail this time it would have to point away from the earth, for these tails are controlled by the sun and the sun will be in the wrong place to force on us even an imaginary tail. This taillessness of the Pons-Winnecke Comet illustrates its perverse nature, it takes out of the story much of the thrill the Sunday newspaper writers will have to try to put back in it. Worse yet, after all the good ink that has been and is being wasted on it, this ungrateful object will probably show itself little more noticeably than a small star. Enthusiasts whose astronomic enterprise goads them severely will set their alarm clocks for 3 A.M. June 26, and look due south about two-thirds way up from horizon to zenith. The comet should, if predictions pan out right, be a diffuse nebulous object, possibly larger than the moon in apparent diameter. It will be about 3,500,000 miles distant—very close, as comets go.

However, comets are most inconsequential in their behavior, while a meteoric shower may at any time accompany their appearance. So, after all, no astronomer dares predict with dogmatic certainty what the Pons-Winnecke Comet will look like, nor that it will not be a sight well worth seeing.

A Great Collector

HENRY EDWARDS HUNTINGTON, who died on May 23, at the age of 77, was pronounced by Dr. Rosenbach, himself a famous collector, the greatest book collector in the world.

Mr. Huntington was a nephew of Collis P. Huntington, who built the Southern Pacific Railway. He was a railway magnate and in other ways he did an enormous amount in developing Southern California. But his chief claim to a permanent place in memory is his interest in rare books. He hesitated at

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no price if a work offered him had historic, literary, and art associations in addition to rarity. His collection is said to be worth between thirty and forty million dollars. It is not its cost but its intrinsic value that made it supreme. Among his treasures were a rich collection of Shakespeare editions and Shakespeareana, Elizabethian autographs and letters, a noble copy of the Gutenberg Bible, an illuminated copy of Chaucer (dating from 1405), and an almost or quite unrivalled collection of first editions of the books of famous English and American modern authors. These are mere samples of a library to read the catalogue of which is alone enough to make a young collector's mouth water.

It is understood that Mr. Huntington's entire library is to go to the public in the care of the State of California.

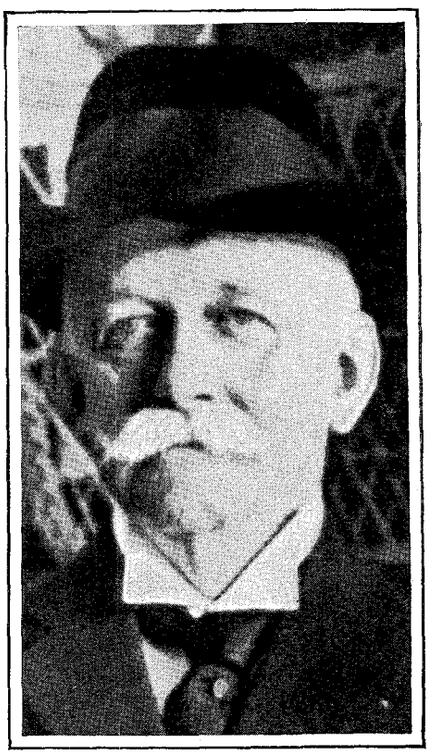
British Students in America

FOR the third time a group of honor graduates of British universities is coming to America this fall to begin two years of special study in American universities.

For this purpose the Commonwealth Fund, established some ten years ago by the late Mrs. Stephen V. Harkness, originally provided for twenty fellowships. Now are added three new fellowships for honor graduates of British colonial universities who have been studying in Great Britain. Thus the next list of visitors will represent not only Oxford, Cambridge, and other famous English and Scottish institutions, but also the University of Sydney, the University of Tasmania, and Natal University College.

One pleasing feature of this international educational system is that the holders of the fellowships not only may but must travel widely in this country. That their study of American conditions is not solely academic appears from the statement that favorite points on these travels are the Ford plant, the Chicago stockyards, New Orleans, the Grand Canyon, Hollywood, Yellowstone Park, and a Western rodeo.

The remarkable diversity of subjects in which our British visitors will specialize may be illustrated by the facts that at the University of North Carolina the student from Natal will take up international race problems; a St. Andrews man will go to Yale to study Scottish influence in America in the eighteenth century; an Oxford man who is to visit Princeton is interested in the art of El Greco, a hundred of whose paintings are in this country; and a London University graduate will inquire into the American critical interpretation of Joseph Conrad's writings. Other topics are less closely restricted and relate to governmental, scientific, and legal matters. Sixteen American universities will have



Keystone

Henry E. Huntington
Lover of Books

the pleasure of assisting the guest-scholars in their work.

There is in this plan a cordial interchange of scholarship that will surely have beneficial and friendly effects on both sides the Atlantic.

The German Republic Excuses the Empire

A COMMITTEE of the German Reichstag, which was appointed to investigate whether the German Empire adhered in the World War to the Hague agreements regarding warfare, has just delivered its report. It is a ponderous set of findings in five volumes. But, according to cabled accounts of it from Berlin, it amounts to an exoneration of the German command.

A little fault may have been committed, the report appears to admit, in the invasion of Belgium. But even on this point the commission was unable to reach a unanimous conclusion—having had only seven years to study it, not counting the period of the war itself and the years immediately following the peace conference. But if Germany could not draw in those years the same conclusion that the rest of the world drew, would anyone expect her to draw it now?

Regarding gas warfare, submarine activities, prison camp administration, deportation of Belgian workers, and destruction of property by retreating armies, the committee complained that its work was impeded by failure of the Allies to supply full information. But many of these policies were justified—or at least condoned—as "necessary reprisals." And it was suggested that when the record of the Allies becomes fully known, the German record will not seem so black by comparison.

The report will undoubtedly satisfy German opinion, for which it was written. It is hardly of a character to impress or alter opinion elsewhere.

The Lion Claws the Red Bear

THE Soviet Government of Russia regarded the British raid on its trade offices in London as "a serious and hostile act." These were the words it used in its note of protest to the British Government. It further declared that commercial relations could only be maintained on the basis of recognition of the conditions laid down in the Anglo-Soviet trade agreement of 1921, guaranteeing immunity of trade delegations and representatives of the Soviet Union.

The British Government has responded with a decision to terminate the trade agreement, which probably will bring about as a further result the rupture of diplomatic relations between the two countries. Despite objections from the Labor and Liberal opposition parties, the Conservative Cabinet has been practically compelled to adopt this course in consistency with the raid which members of the Ministry believe to have disclosed evidence of Communist propaganda.

Soviet Russia, on her side, has announced that trade can only be carried on with countries which accord diplomatic privileges and protection to the agents of the Soviet trade monopoly. She makes, however, a significant exception in the case of the United States.

The British action is reported to be linked with British policy in China, where Soviet agents have stirred up trouble for Great Britain by aiding the Chinese Nationalist movement. It is another development of the conflict of interests between Great Britain and Russia.

Europe's Balance of Peace Shifts

SOMETHING very significant for Europe happened quietly at the small Czechoslovak city of Jachimov, where delegates of the nations of the "Little Entente" lately met for their annual

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conference. These nations are Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, and Rumania. Their political agreement with each other was formed after the War. Because of its similarity to the "Big Entente," which had included Great Britain, France, and Russia in a general understanding before the War, it was called the "Little Entente." It has been one of the main bulwarks of the order established since the war in eastern Central Europe and the Balkans.

The spokesmen of the "Little Entente" nations announced calmly, after this year's conference, that they had decided to abandon the political and military aspects of their compact and continue it simply as a scheme of cultural and economic co-operation. But behind their public calm must have been a good deal of disturbance. For what they were announcing was the end of a practical alliance system which has guaranteed the situation set up by the peace treaties in one of the most troubled areas of the European continent, the area where the World War started.

Jugoslavia refused to agree to Rumania's request for a "united front" against Russia. The request was due to Rumania's annexation of Bessarabia, formerly a Russian province, which has been a cause of constant controversy with the Soviet Government and would breed trouble with that or any other government in Russia. Rumania, on her side, refused to agree to Jugoslavia's request for a "united front" against Italy. That request was due to Jugoslavia's fear of an Italian protectorate over Albania, her immediate neighbor to the southwest, and of Italian control of the entrance to the Adriatic and extension of Italian influence and colonization in the Balkans. Czechoslovakia, as between the other two, maintained a united front against "united fronts." So the diplomats of the "Little Entente" agreed to disagree and returned home.

What the next steps will be, of course no one can say. But Jugoslavia is likely to strengthen her relations with France, already opposed to the international policies of Fascist Italy, while Rumania is likely to improve the friendly relations with Italy, established by Mussolini's recent recognition of the Bessarabian annexation, and with Hungary, whose Government has just ratified a treaty with Italy. Czechoslovakia, playing a characteristically clever hand, is likely not to allow herself to be put in the position of antagonizing Russia, the greatest of the Slavic lands. So the stage seems set for new maneuvers, which may have much to do with the future of Europe.

England and France Shake Hands

PRESIDENT DOUMERGUE, of France, has been to England to visit King George and "dine in state on golden plate." But the journey of the French President has, obviously, more significance than an exchange of national courtesies. With him went Premier Briand; and, while the titular chiefs of state banquetted and delivered addresses, he talked with Sir Austen Chamberlain, British Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

The result of the meetings, when the French statesmen returned home, was that an agreement had been reached postponing consideration of the withdrawal of French troops from the Rhine. So M. Briand gained support for a policy against which Germany has been protesting actively.

No definite agreements regarding Russia or China appear to have been reached, but the problems of these two countries were discussed. Also, unquestionably, the situation in the Balkans and the weakening of the "Little Entente" must have been considerations of grave concern which led to a re-emphasis of the unity of the two present members of the "Big Entente." In other words, dissension among the "Little Powers" of Eastern Europe may have contributed to the accord between the two "Big Powers" of Western Europe, on whom devolves the main responsibility of keeping the peace.

Lowman and Doran

Will Prohibition Now Have A Chance?

THE question has been widely asked in this country whether prohibition can be enforced. The true answer is that nobody knows, because it has never been tried. This is literally true. When the country went Constitutionally dry, the politicians were allowed to get control of the enforcement machinery. In the earlier stages, when the normal liquor lawlessness of America was temporarily stunned, this political infection of enforcement was not so much noticed. But soon it became evident that the National statute supporting the Eighteenth Amendment permitted the spoils system to work devastation upon real responsibility or efficiency. Wherever the party machine was wet, the enforcement system became futile and corrupt. And the corruption seemed slowly to spread throughout the country. It was during this period that the recent acting prohibition commissioner, Roy Haynes, who has now been separated from the service, became known as a sincere, but not particularly vigorous, enforcement officer. He represented the political dry sentiment of Ohio, and while there have been two views of his executive capacity, no one has doubted his desire to see prohibition succeed. He has been an active fighter in Washington for the reorganization of the department and the application of the Civil Service to enforcement agents, with the consequent wresting of appointments from the hands of the politicians. Because of his long connection with enforcement in the days of its pretty complete irresponsibility and inefficiency, he was naturally open to attack by the foes of prohibition as well as by some of its friends, and the failure of Mr. Mellon to put him into full power with the recent reorganization has not been widely resented except by his more devoted backers.

The determination of who's who in the latest prohibition upheaval in Washington has been a ticklish thing for the Coolidge Administration to manage. General Andrews, whose integrity and resourcefulness in his task at the head of the prohibition army has been admired, represented the point of view of doing the best he could with a hard job, without too much sentiment; Mr. Haynes represented the ebullient and somewhat inchoate sentiment of the mass of the drys of the country. They were not a good combination to administer enforcement under the new act, and friction began soon after Mr. Haynes was temporarily appointed acting commissioner. Mr. Haynes understood that under the new act the prohibition commissioner was to be the complete works. General Andrews, as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, understood that Mr. Haynes was an inferior officer who should report any change of policy or personnel for revision and correction. It began to appear as if the new order of things had died aborning.

Now both are out, General Andrews with the epistolary eulogy of Mr. Mellon, Commissioner Haynes apparently deliberately passed over into silence. The honorable Seymour Lowman, former Lieutenant-Governor of New York, former State Senator from the Elmira district, long an outstanding political and personal dry, has taken General Andrews's place. Dr. James M. Doran, the son of a Methodist minister, a trusted scientific expert in the enforcement field at Washington, compounder of undrinkable alcohol, quiet, level-headed, heard with respect and confidence by committees of Congress, has

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taken the place of Haynes. Will prohibition now have a chance?

Our judgment is that the Administration in Washington has been politically wise and probably actually so from the standpoint of the beginning of genuine enforcement under the new Civil Service statute. If we are not mistaken, the new prohibition commissioner, Doran, will be given the free hand that was denied Haynes, and the drys will win this point of contention. Responsibility will be fixed as it has not hitherto been, and the politician under the merit system will have very little to do with the appointment of the enforcement agent. This will now be much to the liking of most Congressmen. As time has gone on, the wet element, particularly in the eastern part of the country, has more and more dominated the enforcement appointments, mainly through a growing dislike on the part of the majority of Congressmen to having anything to do with an irresponsible system which seemed to bring in its train a widening saturnalia of futility and corruption. If we are not mistaken, Doran will now be boss. There are a number of important States into which the Coolidge administration cannot carry comfortably the 1928 campaign, if there is a belief in those commonwealths that the dry cause has not had at least a genuine chance.

Assistant Secretary Lowman may supervise and counsel, but we think he will not direct. He will have duties of his own materially unconnected with the executive management of prohibition enforcement. His appointment nevertheless is a skillful political maneuver. To the drys throughout the country it relieves prohibition enforcement of the cold military aspect which it seemed to them to have under General Andrews. To them it tinges enforcement within the Treasury Department with a dry sincerity and unity which has seemed to them heretofore to be lacking. And to Republican upstate New York, largely dry, it guarantees a kindliness of feeling to the Coolidge Administration in 1928 which is not without therapeutic value after the sad experience in the 1926 campaign.

Two other observations occur to us. The first is that the very able and usually astute Wayne B. Wheeler of the Anti-Saloon League overstepped his prerogative in pressing Mr. Haynes so specifically and strongly upon the President and Secretary of the Treasury. The responsibility of selection is and should be theirs. The Anti-Saloon League or any other dry organization is in a better position when it stands ready to back any good man who does his duty. It is probably true, however, that the insistence upon Haynes helped to make necessary the strong dry gesture which the Secretary of the Treasury seems now sincerely to have indulged in.

The other observation is that the American people need not look for an

Wide World (C) Harris & Ewing

Seymour Lowman

enforcement Utopia either soon or not so soon. The fundamental reason why the will of the American people is committed to the utter and final destruction of the liquor traffic, is that it has been their long experience with this traffic in this country, that it has been flagrantly lawless and criminal in its tendencies from the beginning of our history. It is a long, long trail to the dry Utopia, and the American people had better make up their minds to it, set their teeth, and begin the ascent of the hard path toward the goal.

The Limits of Free Speech

IT is a mistake to assume that the right of free speech is unlimited. It is obvious that a speaker who should urge unlawful violence—such as an assassination or the burning of a court-house, to take extreme examples—commits a criminal act. The provision of the Federal Constitution assuring its citizens right to life, liberty, and property does not apply to unlawful acts. This has been affirmed by the United States Supreme Court in the famous Gitlow decision and quite recently in the California cases of Charlotte Anita Whitney and William Burns.

Granted, then, that the States may restrict the right of absolute free speech, how far may the restriction go?

In the Whitney case, California's Criminal Syndicalism Act defined the term criminal syndicalism as "any doctrine or precept advocating, teaching, or aiding and abetting the commission of crime, sabotage (which word is hereby defined as meaning willful and malicious physical damage or injury to physical property), or unlawful acts of force and violence or unlawful methods of terrorism as a means of accomplishing a change in industrial ownership or control, or effecting any political change." Moreover, it made any person guilty of a felony who becomes a member of any society or group organized or assembled to advocate, teach, or abet criminal syndicalism as so defined.

The United States Supreme Court recognizes the right of a State thus to limit abstract freedom of speech. It does not follow, however, that such laws are always just or desirable. In the Whitney case the person convicted did not personally vote for the resolution adopted by an association, but claimed to have opposed it; yet because she did not withdraw from membership she was held responsible for the act. This local body, originally a Socialist association, joined the Communist Labor Party, adopted its National Platform, and thereby endorsed the idea of a "revolutionary class struggle" and the "dictatorship of the proletariat." This was the gist of the offense. Was such a stringent restriction required? The Criminal Syndicalist Act declared it was, for the reason that "at the present time large numbers of persons are going from place to place in this State advocating, teaching, and practicing criminal syndicalism." Now in the concurring opinion in this case filed by Mr. Justice Brandeis and Mr. Justice Holmes it was pointed out that a defense which might have been made, but was not, was that this condition did not really exist in California at the time of conviction. If a law is justified only by an emergency, it should not be maintained permanently.

This concurrent opinion also pointed out with patriotic earnestness that restriction of free speech should be based upon "a clear and universal danger of some substantive evil." It was on this principle that Mr. Justice Brandeis dissented in the Burns case and chiefly because the word "sabotage" in the judge's charge was defined as including "scamped work" and "slowing down on the job"—which certainly was stretching the definition of the Act itself as quoted above.

It is at least possible that the pendu-

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lum has swung too far to the extreme side of restriction as against that of absolute fredom of speech. States which have the so-called syndicalist laws might well examine them with a view to finding whether it may not be desirable to amend them so as to guard the personal liberty of those who are only indirectly involved in any incitation to violence or revolution.

Flood Relief and Insurance

SHOULD the President, in order to meet the emergency caused by the floods on the Mississippi, call Congress into special session?

What reason have the American people for believing that Congress would meet the emergency more reasonably, promptly, or efficiently than the American people themselves, through the Red Cross and other agencies, are meeting it now?

What reason have the American people for believing that Congress would not cause more trouble than it would save?

For a generation or more, the problem of the Mississippi has been before Congress. It has made no progress whatever in finding its way to a solution through that body. It remains as serious as ever. Why should anyone believe that it would make any more impression upon Congress than it has ever made before?

If Congress is going to act intelligently about the Mississippi, it will do so only under a long continued pressure of public opinion.

If Congress were to be called into session now, what would happen? There are many things more likely to happen than a provision for any proper relief for the inhabitants of the flooded areas. In its last session, Congress had before it an urgent deficiency bill to provide money for certain essential branches of the Government. Congress preferred to play politics. The Senate in particular indulged its fancy for filibusters. As a consequence, Congress left courts crippled, pensioners unprovided for, and salaries unpaid. If called into special session now, Congress could be by no means confined to the task of providing for flood relief. It would be free to run wild.

The best thing that members of Congress, both of the House and of the Senate, can do for flood relief now is to be studying the question individually and to be preparing themselves for intelligent action when they assemble in regular session in December. If they do that they will be doing what is the most practicable not only for the relief of the flood districts but for the restoration of that public confidence which was sadly shaken by the fiasco in March.

When Congress assembles in December it will have before it concerning the Mississippi, two problems.

One of these is the problem of flood prevention.

The other is the problem of flood relief.

For flood prevention Congress should take the advice of a competent commission of experts. As The Outlook's Contributing Editor says elsewhere in this issue, the procedure followed in solving the engineering problems of the Panama Canal serves as a model for what should be done with regard to the engineering problems of the Mississippi.

For flood relief the procedure may well be quite different. In that there is no engineering problem involved. The problem is one of economics and finance.

To provide funds for such relief there are three possible sources. First and most obvious is the generosity of the people. This is a rich source of wealth as the present emergency has proved. Small villages have raised several thousand dollars each as contributions to the Red Cross for relief. Even isolated hamlets have contributed hundreds of dollars each. And, of course, cities have raised money by hundreds of thousands of dollars. But this ought not to be the main reliance in cases of great National calamities. It is useful for immediate relief but not for lasting relief.

The second source is the occasional appropriation by Congress. This is not to be relied upon. As in this instance, Congress may not be in session when the money is needed. In the second place, even if Congress is in session, the process of appropriating money is cumbersome and is not to be trusted at times of emergency.

The third source of relief is insurance. Private insurance companies, however, cannot meet great National disasters. As Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy of The Outlook's staff pointed out in an article in The Outlook a year and a half ago (October 14, 1925), adverting to the earthquake at Santa Barbara, the Federal Government is the only power that can provide insurance against such disasters. It is utterly impossible to foresee certain kinds of disaster, such as earthquakes, and therefore impossible to compute their likelihood on any conceivable law of averages. In varying degrees this is also true of other natural disasters like tornadoes and floods. If in such calamities there existed a form of Federal insurance the work of restoration would begin at once. As it is, public sentiment soon cools, differences as to the allocation of private contributions arise, religious and political interests clash, and the work of restoration is delayed and to some degree prevented. Relief by insurance avoids these difficulties as well as the political jobbery that accompanies special appropriations. If thousands of large businesses can carry their own insurance, why cannot the Nation carry insurance against disasters that are National?

An Arkansas Traveler

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

ONE of the liveliest and most infectious of native dance tunes ever produced in this country is known as "The Arkansas Traveler." When a good old-fashioned country fiddler plays it even the best of Methodists find it difficult to keep their feet still. From my earliest boyhood that ingratiating melody has in my ear given a special sort of charm to the name of the State which is bounded by the Mississippi on the east and the Ozark Mountains on the west and northwest. I could whistle "The Arkansas Traveler" fifty years before I ever saw the State. And now I have become an Arkansas traveler myself, for I have just returned from a brief visit to the foothills of the Ozark Mountains, a journey toward the setting sun of about fifteen hundred miles from my own fireside. I propose in this article to set down some of the rapid—but I hope not fleeting—impressions of my Arkansas visit.

In preparing for my journey, I found that I should have to travel nearly five hundred miles by the Missouri Pacific Railroad. There have been times when the reputation of that great transportation system has not been particularly fragrant in New York. Its name has been associated with that of one of the greatest railroad wreckers this country has ever produced—a genius but a malign genius. So I approached the New York office of the system with some hesitation. To my surprise I was re-

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ceived with the utmost courtesy. A young official listened to my requirements, made a memorandum of them and the next day had ready for me all my tickets and sleeping-car reservations for a round-trip of nearly three thousand miles, together with a typewritten itinerary of my route, train connections, and hours of departure and arrival of the particular trains I was to take. "Some service!" thought I to myself, an estimate which was confirmed when I reached St. Louis and Little Rock. Everywhere I found the Missouri Pacific in good odor with passengers and shippers because it is really making itself a public service corporation.

Now this kind of reputation does not happen by chance. So I began to look about for the cause and all the testimony I could gather, indicates that the president of the road, Mr. L. W. Baldwin, is responsible for this agreeable and encouraging state of affairs. I do not know Mr. Baldwin, but his trainmen spoke of him in a way that makes me think he must be a pleasant acquaintance for those who do know him. He is a good representative of the new school of American railway managers, who regard their office as a public trust. He is a graduate of Lehigh University and the Illinois Central Railway and believes, not in "letting George do it," but in doing things himself. Having taken hold of the M. P. R. R. just four years ago, he has, in that brief period, completely transformed it. Somebody asked him, when he assumed control, what his initials, L. W. B., stood for. "Let work begin," was his reply—a good motto for any going concern. If the very refreshing and appetizing lunch-room and restaurant in the Little Rock railway station is his handiwork he is as good a restaurateur as he is railroad operator. Let me hasten to add, lest my commendation may be suspected of being a *quid pro quo,* that I do not own a penny's worth of Missouri Pacific stock and that I paid cash for all my transportation. I am saying all this because when I am well served I like to acknowledge it, and because I suspect that railway managers, like newspaper editors, are apt to get more kicks than ha' pence.

Which reminds me that in spite of my general satisfaction, I, too, have a kick to register. On the evening of May 20, I took "No. 18" from Little Rock. During the night the heavy-handed engine driver treated us to an unmerciful series of jerks and jars. At Hoxie I was sure we had run over an automobile. At Poplar Bluff the tornado that recently devastated that thriving town, seemed to have returned and struck us head on. The next morning, the whole train, passengers and crew, was up in arms. It is just possible that the engine driver was not as bad-tempered as he seemed to be, like a boy who slams a door because he has stubbed his toe on the door sill. It may be that the air-brake mechanism on one of the heavy sleepers was what is known in railroad slang as "a kicker." But whatever the cause, I am willing to let Mr. Baldwin find out the trouble and remedy it. If it was the engine driver's fault, he may have the satisfaction, such as it is, of knowing that he dealt Mr. Baldwin, the entire Missouri Pacific System, and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers a mean blow that night at Poplar Bluff. Says Portia in The Merchant of Venice:

> How far that little candle throws his beams!
> So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Unfortunately, the same may be said of a naughty deed in a good world. Those bumps at Poplar Bluff have been felt as far as New York!

Of course I saw visible scars of the terrible Mississippi flood, although its worst stage had passed beyond St. Louis and Little Rock before I reached the Father of Waters and its powerful tributary, the Arkansas. There were signs of destruction everywhere. I heard pitiful stories, which will never get into the record because there are so many of them, of pecuniary losses to farmers and small homesteaders. The total loss in the valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries is so gigantic as to be almost incomprehensible. But it gave me renewed faith in the courage and energy of the American people to observe the spirit in which the catastrophe has been met by the citizens of the flooded area. I heard no whining or lamentation. All hands seemed to be acting upon the L. W. B. motto—let work begin.

It must be manifest to every observer on the spot that the Mississippi problem is no longer a sectional but a National problem. All bankers, investors, manufacturers, and merchants on the Atlantic seaboard will be affected directly or indirectly by the loss in production or purchasing power caused by the floods. On economic grounds alone, aside from any sentiment of philanthropy or patriotism, the East ought therefore to take heed.

Everybody has a scheme for the prevention of similar disasters in the future; so I, perhaps, may be excused for presenting mine.

I would have the President of the United States appoint a Commission, small in numbers but great in competence and authority, to report on the facts and design a plan of flood prevention and control with the probable cost; I would have the Congress approve the plan and appropriate the money; and finally I would assign to the United States Army the job of building and administering the necessary public works. This is what we did, and successfully did, in the case of the Panama Canal. The idea of an Isthmian waterway had been talked of and pottered over for nearly five hundred years. This group wanted a lock canal, that a sea-level canal, a third a Nicaraguan canal. Finally a Commission reported, Congress approved and authorized, and the Army was set at work. Surely if we could control the Chagres in this way we can control the Mississippi by the same method. The Chagres in time of flood rises over thirty feet in twenty-four hours. The Panama Canal cost nearly four hundred millions of dollars. Perhaps Mr. Hoover will tell us before long what he thinks it would cost to effectively control the Mississippi and its tributaries.

Arkansas, we are told, is a State rich in as yet undeveloped natural resources and agricultural possibilities. Mr. Coolidge once asked the people of his State to "have faith in Massachusetts." The people of Arkansas certainly have faith in their State; they are progressive; they are looking to the future—not merely waiting for it but working for it. Even in a passing visit one can tell something about the spirit of a people from its newspapers and its schools. I spent only two days in the State, and yet I saw a newspaper and a school which gave me an impression that the people of Arkansas have excellent standards and are marching towards a promising future.

The newspaper is the "Arkansas Gazette" of Little Rock. That enterprising and modern city of pleasant homes has only 80,000 inhabitants; and yet the "Arkansas Gazette" can give some typographical lessons to Pittsburgh and Chicago, to say nothing of New York. It has not been infected with the Hearstian passion for screaming headlines or pink and green paper. It evidently believes that its readers have some taste and intelligence, a confidence which is too often lacking in American daily newspaper publishers.

The school I saw was the College of the Ozarks, in the thriving county town of Clarksville, in the northwestern part of the State. It is a small college but so was Dartmouth when Daniel Webster immortalized it in one of his famous sayings. The College of the Ozarks is

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designed to provide a combined cultural and industrial education for the young men and women, whose families, of pure Anglo-Saxon strain, have for several generations been residents of the agricultural highlands of the Ozarks. This territory produces representatives of fine old American stock whose physique, crania, and profiles would not have been out of place among the Greek athletes in the stadium at Athens, in the time of Solon. I fancy that some of these Ozark college boys are pretty good football players. But they can lay bricks, too, for a handsome, modern, new dormitory is rising on their campus, in the building of which they have furnished helping hands.

This little, struggling Arkansas college deserves the attention of all those who are especially interested in that vital problem of American education—the problem of combining cultural education with training in productive self-help. Under the guidance of its progressive president, Dr. Wiley Len Hurie, the College of the Ozarks might almost be called, in somewhat high-brow phraseology, a practical laboratory of pedagogical research. While Yale and Harvard and Princeton, quite properly and deservedly, are raising their millions, perhaps somebody interested in a fine type of Americanism will drop a few thousand in Dr. Hurie's lap. When the average travelers in the smoking-room of a sleeping-car say he deserves it, as I heard them say, one may be sure that he does.

After the Flood

By JOHN M. PARKER

Relief Director for Louisiana

EX-Governor Parker, of Louisiana, tells of the problem that faces the inundated districts in the Mississippi Valley and calls upon the Nation to take over the effort to harness the giant river that drains thirty-two States of the Union. In next week's issue, The Outlook will publish the first of two articles by

John R. Freeman

on the control and utilization of the waters of the Mississippi. Mr. Freeman is one of the leading civil engineers of the world. His services as a hydraulic engineer have been in demand from the St. Lawrence to Panama, from Boston to China. He has been President both of the American Society of Civil Engineers and of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. The Outlook is fortunate to secure so authoritative a discussion of the National problem of the Mississippi.

THE people of America have failed, until now, to realize that the problem of the lower Mississippi River is a National problem. That is true because they have not taken the trouble to consider the fact that the overflow area of the Mississippi comprises thirty thousand square miles, approximately two hundred million acres—an area nearly three times larger than all of Holland. They have not taken the trouble to consider the further fact that the rain which falls upon thirty-two States drains into the Mississippi; that in times of flood we along the lower reaches are overwhelmed by an inconceivable volume of water hardly a drop of which fell from the clouds upon our soil. The flood gates of all but sixteen of the States of the Union open to the sea through—and in flood periods over—the State of Louisiana.

The National nature and scope of the problem has been realized for many years by individuals, some of them in high official position. President Arthur, in 1882, sent a special message to Congress in which he emphasized the fact that "the protection of the people of the Mississippi Valley" was not a local but a National question.

During the forty-five years that have elapsed since that message was written, there has been at times some sort of official recognition of the fact, but no definite plan has ever been established, and the work that the Federal Government has done has been patch work, financed by piece-meal appropriations.

Within that period, expenditures upon levees along the lower Mississippi have amounted to $229,000,000. But of that sum the Federal Government has paid only about $65,000,000. The remaining $164,000,000, approximately, has come from local sources in those States near the mouth of the river over which the flood waters of the other States pass.

The Federal Government has never really had any authority to do any thing for the protection of the Mississippi Valley. Whatever it may have done toward that end has been done under the guise of improving navigation on the Mississippi River.

The time has now come for us to look to the future and squarely face our problems.

MY recommendation would be to cast aside all camouflage and to clearly and unequivocally state that the work is for the protection of the Mississippi Valley. And that protection should mean a thorough, concrete plan carefully worked out, embodying levees, spillways, outlets, or any other methods by which modern science can cope with and prevent the ravages of our streams. To that end, a suitable, able board should be organized, to be charged with formulating a general plan for the alleviation of flood menace in this valley, and of furnishing an estimate of the cost of the work it recommends.

With this in hand, an intelligently formed plan can be presented to Congress which must then take the responsibility of accepting or rejecting it.

If appeals for absolute Federal handling of our levees are unanswered, then, with the fact of deforestation, tile drainage, and improved drainage all through the West, irresistable floods will continue to be hurled at us, and we are sadly convinced that we, working alone, will be bankrupt long before we can assure ourselves protection. Our losses this year alone to State and Nation are so high that National welfare demands a vigorous, fearless, capable handling and solution of this problem.

Considering the National appeal of President Arthur, supplemented by request after request from other Presidents with no substantial results during those forty-five years, it is necessary now that public opinion bring this issue squarely before the President and the Congress of the United States, emphasizing the fact that to-day this is one of the greatest problems before our people.

IS it necessary to speak here of the tremendous catastrophe through which we are now passing? The story of it can never be told. Scraps of it have been told, through the daily press and otherwise.

I have fought through every overflow since that of 1882. This time, my position has been doubly hard—not because

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of the work; I have worked no harder than all of the others—but because, drafted into a position of authority, I have had to sit here where no human help could avail anything until after the passing of the flood, and hear the pathetic appeals of those who were being destroyed.

One day, I remember, three delegations came to me from the parishes of St. Landry, St. Martin, and Iberia. All of them, I knew, were reliable men. They took pains to make the fact plain to me at the beginning that they did not want charity. But they were being wiped out by the overflow, left with absolutely nothing. What they came to ask was if some arrangement could be made by which they could borrow, for five years, a little money to rehabilitate themselves. They would pay it back one-fifth and the interest annually.

To my personal knowledge, this request was the cry of despair from splendid American citizens who are famous for regarding a debt as sacred. In one of these parishes, there are about 7,000 small farmers, nearly all white people. They had fine, attractive homes. As a rule, they have large families. They are descendants of old French citizens and of those Canadians, who, years ago, moved to Bayou Teche. They represent some of the most thrifty, kindly, and good people to be found anywhere.

THESE are some of the people, who, when the floods have passed, we shall have to help to their feet again. They must be returned to their homes—not to their houses, for those, in many cases, are washed away and only the bare earth remains—and given a chance to produce the necessities of life. Many of them were impoverished even before the overflow came. They had had two years of short crops at extremely low prices.

Those who have never seen the effect of an overflow can hardly understand that fields which were covered with cotton and corn and sugar and rice and other crops are, after the passing of the water, as bare and dead as if a devastating fire had gone over them. But, with our wonderful fertility of soil, other crops—sweet potatoes, peas, beans of all kinds, Mexican June corn, sorghum—can be planted after the water recedes. Tilling these crops will keep some of the people busy, will prevent their becoming a menace by crowding in thousands to the cities in search of employment.

But, even so, many must find employment elsewhere than in the devastated fields.

IMMEDIATELY after the subsidence of the flood, the Secretary of War should issue instructions to those responsible for the rebuilding of levees. Reconstruction of those which have been washed away would give employment to thousands of day laborers who otherwise would be idle.

The same course should be followed by the United States Bureau of Public Roads in replacing highways which have been destroyed. Neither the States nor their various subdivisions will have any funds from which to make such payments at present.

It is to be hoped that no red tape will prevent the Government from giving this relief by going at the work as soon as possible. It is necessary, in order to give occupation to those who will be unable to start their farming again until next season.

Economic Europe

This Survey of the Conditions Confronting the Economic Conference at Geneva Is Based on an Interview with the Famous Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, Edouard Beneš

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

"WHAT country of Eastern Europe has the greatest relative buying power?"

"Czechoslovakia."

"Is that due, primarily, to the people's frugality?"

"Yes."

"And then because you have three-quarters of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire's industries?"

"Certainly."

"And finally to your financial policy?"

"Exactly and emphatically."

Here the staccato style stopped and I heard: "Had other countries done what we have, there would not be so much need of an International Economic Conference at Geneva. Czechoslovakia is the one country of Eastern Europe, which, despite dire difficulties, did not descend to the depths of inflation."

An Up-to-Date Talk in an Ancient Castle

So started this morning a twenty-minute talk in a great room, hung with rich, red damask, in the Hradschin, the imposing castle high above Prague, the capital of Bohemia and now of that Greater Bohemia called Czechoslovakia.

The castle was very old but the talk very up-to-date. Some of its statements were mine; some, those of the person who had answered my questions, Dr. Edouard Beneš, Czechoslovak Foreign Minister.

Since the War, it was agreed, despite a relatively and startlingly fine Czechoslovak showing, economic conditions, particularly in Eastern Europe, had grown grave.

Currrency

ASIDE from the outright destruction of capital, the most striking feature had been currency instability and demoralization. This had destroyed both fixed and floating capital. Result: Europe has lost some of her ability to consume. She is paralyzed by just so much. For unstable currencies affect commercial transactions within the particular country itself, and then, of course, its imports of foreign goods, creating complementary difficulties in the countries whose currencies may be stable.

Tariffs

BUT this, however, was only the beginning of troubles. Men have regarded foreign trade with suspicion. Fear of future war seems universal. Every country is trying to be self-sufficient. To this end, into some countries, new industries must needs be forcibly imported. For example, Hungary, after never having done anything but grow grain, must now establish textile and

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other mills; you may now see Bohemian machinery there. Secondly, also to this end, you must put up trade barriers to exclude all possible foreign goods. Thus the Hungarians would raise a high tariff wall around themselves. They fancy the more it injures Czechoslovakia, for instance, the greater their own prosperity will be. But, as a matter of fact, export and import figures show that it would hurt them far more than it would Czechoslovakia.

Under pretence of maintaining equilibrium between industry and agriculture, Austria, too, threatens to pass a new tariff. Its proposed provisions would indicate that she thinks she can sell abroad without buying abroad. If, after her creditable record, she must now fly to an extreme, let it be to those other more welcome ones, an Austro-Jugoslav tariff combination, or an Austro-Czech, and, ultimately a Danubian confederation.

Even France proposes a higher tariff in some directions, coal, for example. Her importers, however, are warning her of consequent higher prices for the commodity, despite preferential railway rates. In any event, to destroy French demand for British coal would also inevitably reduce the demand for other British products, coal forming a quarter of the total.

The one great exception to self-sufficiency must always be Great Britain. No country so depends on others for foodstuffs; indeed, of the total exports of all other countries, she imports more than does any other. Of her own industrial production, however, she exports less than before the war.

Stability in tariffs must be increased by a common nomenclature.

Raw Materials

RAW materials are, of course, indispensable to industrial life. In normal times like these, the world requires their free movement—that is to say, of ores and mineral products, metals, stone, coal, mineral oil, oilseeds, unprepared timber, raw cork, raw cotton, flax, hemp, jute, silk in cocoon, raw silk, silk in bulk, wool in bulk, untanned hides, skins, furs, raw gum, gutta-percha, india-rubber. Any tax in this list increases production cost, hence the injustice of prohibiting their import or of imposing export duties. If, nevertheless, in order to balance a budget, such duties seem required, they should be applied without any discrimination as regards countries.

Licenses

IF prohibitions and excessive tariffs obstruct trade, so do government licenses. The governments of certain countries hereabouts really enjoy too much power, apparently, since it is possible for them, at will, suddenly to interfere with the natural flow of merchandise. The greatest harm, however, is not in any specific government act as in the uncertainty produced by the fear of what some government, grown spasmodic, *may* do.

Transport

THE War had made many transportation facilities unavailable, hence the necessity of developing new production centers. Now that the railway administrations have repaired most of the material damage done, and, as in Rumania, built new lines, they should come to an agreement on uniform regulations like those in existence before the War. In this connection, all railways should, as wisely recommended by the International Chamber of Commerce, adopt the 24-hour time-table, in use for some years by many countries; also adopt summer-time.

Unemployment

THE ills resulting from currency demoralization, excessive tariffs, and other causes are in contrast with: (1) a marked increase in population largely due to American immigration restriction and (2) an actually greater production capacity, compared with pre-war times, yet a decline in consuming power. Products are refused or are at least impeded by tariffs and other artificial restrictions. That means, for the past, wasted energy, and, for the present and future, industrial stagnation and unemployment. In all Europe, east of Russia, there are, it is said, 4,000,000 unemployed. Some 1,700,000 are in Germany alone. At least half of these are among the millions ruined by the inflation of the mark. Wholesale payments thereby of internal debts is bitter comfort to them. The cause of the million and more of unemployed in Great Britain, however, has been the loss sustained in exports. That market must be regained by a return of general buying-power.

An Economic Conference

TO consider the ills from which Europe has been suffering, in September, 1925, at the sixth Assembly of the League of Nations, M. Louis Loucheur, of France, formally proposed the convoking of an International Economic Conference, composed of delegates chosen by the various governments because of personal qualifications, but having no authority to draw up agreements or even to enter into commitments as to policies; thus the delegates would be freer in consultation and resultant government action would be more effective. The Assembly delegates unanimously expressed the opinion that the proposed Conference was desirable, not only as securing greater economic justice but also as contributing towards security among the nations. As with the proposed Disarmament Conference, so with the Economic, a Preparatory Commission was appointed to organize the Conference. The work has been well done and the Conference will without doubt be one of the outstanding events of our time.

Remedies

CERTAINLY, to offset the general economic situation, adequate remedies are necessary.

The first to occur to many would be to attract capital from abroad for investment in the country needing it. If the currency of the borrowing country is stable and the country is enjoying a steadily increasing measure of returning prosperity, the problem would seem to be simple; if not, the less advantageous situation will, of course, be reflected in the conditions of the riskier loan.

A more wholesome and far-reaching remedy, however, is found in the conclusion of international industrial ententes or trusts. Their monopolistic and exploiting tendencies in checking freedom of trade can be repressed by legislation. Their advantages are that:

They organize production more scientifically; in especial they utilize machinery better.

They decrease overhead expenses and distribution costs, distributing products more rationally.

They assure greater continuity of labor as well as output.

They afford lower prices to consumers.

They are the decisive factor in quickly settling custom conflicts.

If anything could conduce towards the realization of some kind of an economic United States of Europe, such a movement would. A signal example of it has been the recent formation of an international steel union. It naturally forms Exhibit A at the Economic Conference.

Equal interest, however, will be found in the exposition already given out by the American delegation, headed by Messrs. Henry Robinson and Norman Davis, of certain features of American industrial progress. Less favored Europe might adopt them with benefit.

Prague, Czechoslovakia.

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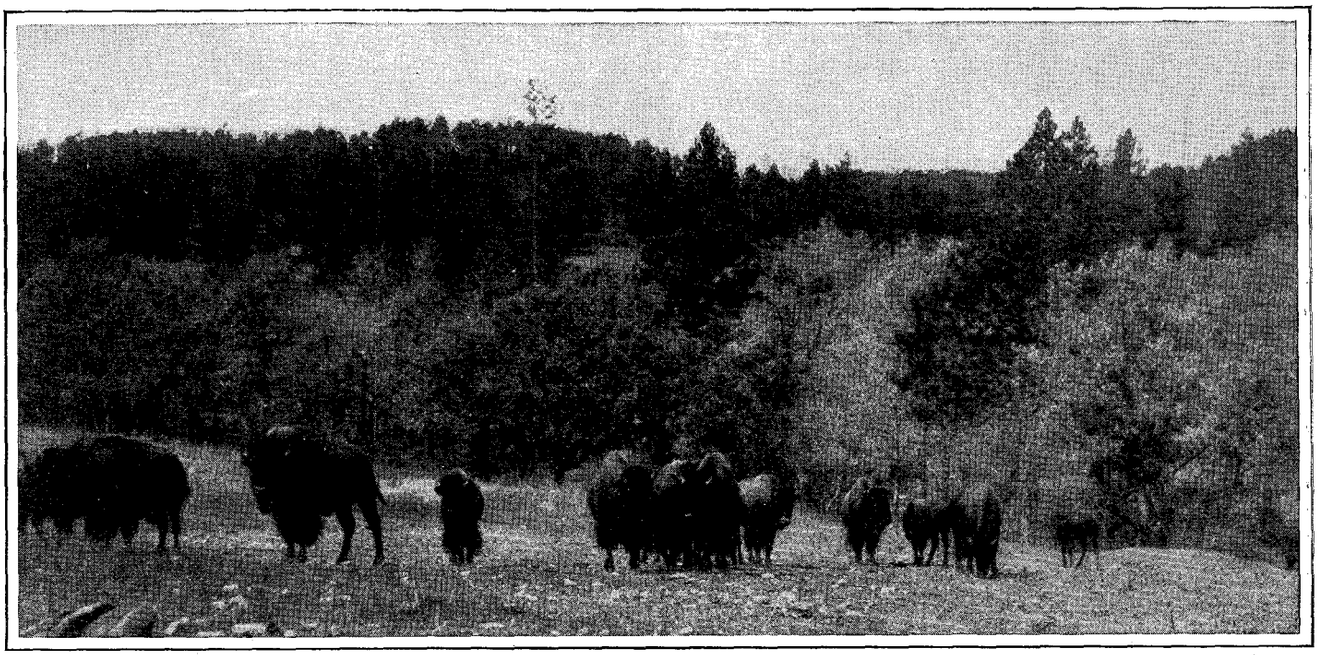

Photograph by Rise Studio

South Dakota State Park is a sanctuary for the survivors of the old lords of the prairie

South Dakota State Park

The Black Hills Are Not Hills But High Mountains

By PETER NORBECK

United States Senator from South Dakota

FEW realize how near the center of population lies the wonderful playground of nature, the Black Hills of South Dakota. Many a westbound motoring tourist finds that only two days elapse after crossing the Mississippi River before he gets his first whiff of real mountain air in South Dakota. The Indian called these mountains Pa-Ha-Sa-Pa, meaning Black Mountains, for they are forest-clad and appear dark at a distance. However, the gold prospector who made his strike in the foothills, named them the Black Hills, and the name "stuck."

The Black Hills form the terminus of an extreme eastern arm of the great mountain uplift of our Western States. They are isolated and appear to be a geological island thrust up from the plains, surrounded on all sides by great stretches of prairies. They are located immediately in the path of the tourist from Chicago or the Twin Cities, bound for the Yellowstone or the Glacier National Parks, on the best highway crossing the plains. A small part which has been unfinished is now rapidly nearing completion. Then it can truly be said, for the first time, that there is an all-weather highway between the cities of the East and the mountains of the West.

This unique mountain region lies at the western boundary of South Dakota and is approximately fifty by one hundred miles in extent. It rises from the great plains through a series of pine-covered hills and mountains to the crest of Harney, the center of the Black Hills. This mountain has an altitude of 7,240 feet—nearly a mile and a half—and is the highest peak between the Western Rockies and the Alps of Switzerland.

Although this section is served by railroads, carrying through sleeping-cars from Chicago, it is only in recent years that its recreational value has become appreciated. It is not in the line of the great trans-continental roads whose advertisements direct traffic to other sections.

Sacred to the Sioux

THE extraordinary beauty of the Black Hills has been well-known to the native Sioux from time immemorial. He considered them sacred and did not enter their bounds. Indian legend relates that the Great Spirit, standing on the summit of a solitary mountain peak lying outside of the foothills, called His children together from ocean to ocean and told them that the Black Hills were not their hunting-ground, but His. If any of the Indians went there to hunt, they would be struck by the fire from Heaven. He promised the good Indians, however, that they might stop there awhile on their way to the Happy Hunting Ground, but the Pa-Ha-Sa-Pa Mountains were not for mortal man.

This tale finds support in the journals of Verandrye, the French explorer, who first visited this section and claimed it for the King of France. He was the first white man to cast eyes upon this region, while seeking the western sea in 1743, nearly a century before any other white man had come within sight of it. Verandrye reached the foot of the mountains and was firm in his belief that from their summits he could see the much sought Pacific Ocean, but his Indian companions would go no further. He was compelled to return, a disappointed man, ignorant of the fact that he was still nearly 2,000 miles from the western sea.

Such was the situation when General Custer, at a later day, passed through the Hills in his campaign for the "Winning of the West." Here it was that Donaldson, the grave old scientist accompanying the expedition in 1874, stopped to write in his journal:

> In this sublime cathedral of nature let Æolus play in gentle summer zephyrs and in winter Boreas make the mountains tremble with the rever-

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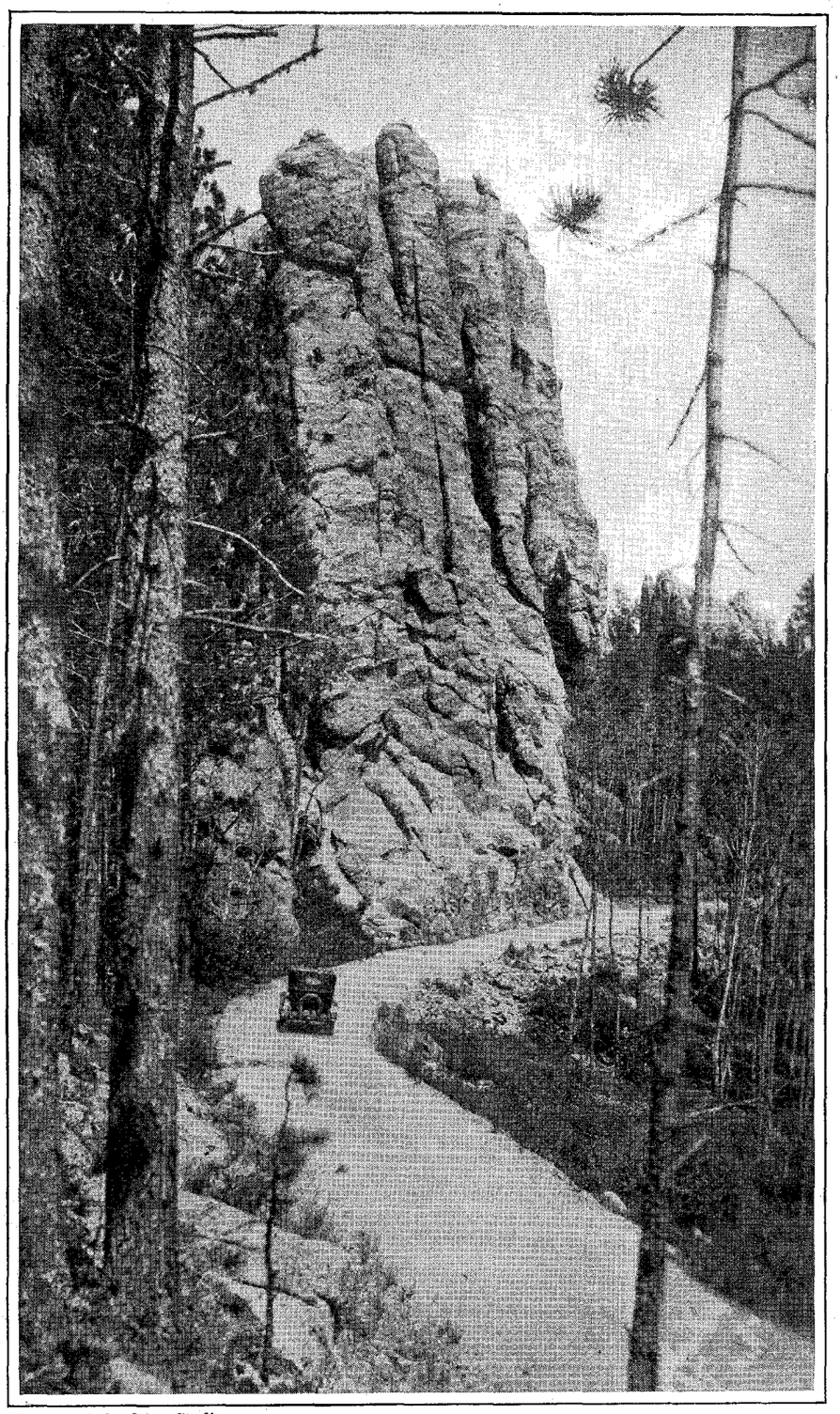

Photograph by Rise Studio

A characteristic bit of scenery along a highway in the South Dakota State Park

berating music from these tremendous columns.

Gold Rush

It was one of Custer's men who discovered the golden metal in one of the creeks. The news of the rich strike was soon known at every fireside in the land and the stampede began. The prospector had no awe or reverence for the land which was sacred to the Indian. He did not dwell on its beauties. He was too deeply concerned with the panning of gold from the creeks and the sinking of shafts to deeper strikes, to care about the royal blue of the sky, the rugged mountains, the sharp-cut canyons or the great trees that began life before the landing of the Mayflower.

The gold-seekers came by wagon, by ox-train and horseback, dangerous journeys through the Indian country, long and hard. Only the fittest survived. Multitudes followed in stage coaches from the nearest railroad several hundred miles away, traveling steadily night and day except for a few moments lost in changing wearied horses for fresh ones every two hours, for the adventurer would brook no delay in reaching the promised land.

It was a great stampede. The mineral wealth of the Black Hills was fabulous. Cities succeeded the mining-camps. The tent gave way to the log cabin and the log cabin to the brick block. Lumbering on a large scale commenced. Railroads came in to get the business, but our good fortune lay in the fact that the mineral wealth was limited to the outlying or border districts of this great mountain range, therefore the commercial spirit which is so destructive to natural beauty, never disturbed the heart of the Black Hills.

The State Park

The State of South Dakota took time by the forelock when it set aside the most beautiful part of the Black Hills, including the Harney mountain range within its boundaries, as a State park, which is several times larger than any other State park in the Union. No partiality is shown. It is open to the citizens of every State without entrance charge. It comprises an area of about 125,000 acres and has an exterior boundary line of about seventy miles. Formerly this district was inaccessible. Its natural beauty has been retained, as it has hardly been touched by the hand of man. It was first set aside as a game refuge in response to public demand that a home should be provided for the fast vanishing game, from which area guns are excluded and only camera shooting permitted. Several of the native species had already disappeared and restocking became necessary. A large herd of buffalo now range winter and summer in the lower hills where the native buffalo grass is still abundant. More than a thousand elk make their home in the Park, feeding in the lower altitudes in the winter when the snow is too deep in the higher mountains. The deer have increased until they are numbered by the thousands and they graze peacefully along the highways undisturbed by the passing tourist. A small herd of Big Horn sheep have been re-established in their old haunts and the Rocky Mountain goats climb the tortuous precipices without fear. The wild turkey that occupied the region before the coming of the white man is also becoming re-established. Here partridge, quail and grouse no longer fear the sight of man.

The establishment of the game preserve struck a responsive note in the hearts of our people and the State took the next forward step in designating the area as the State Park, enlarging and improving it.

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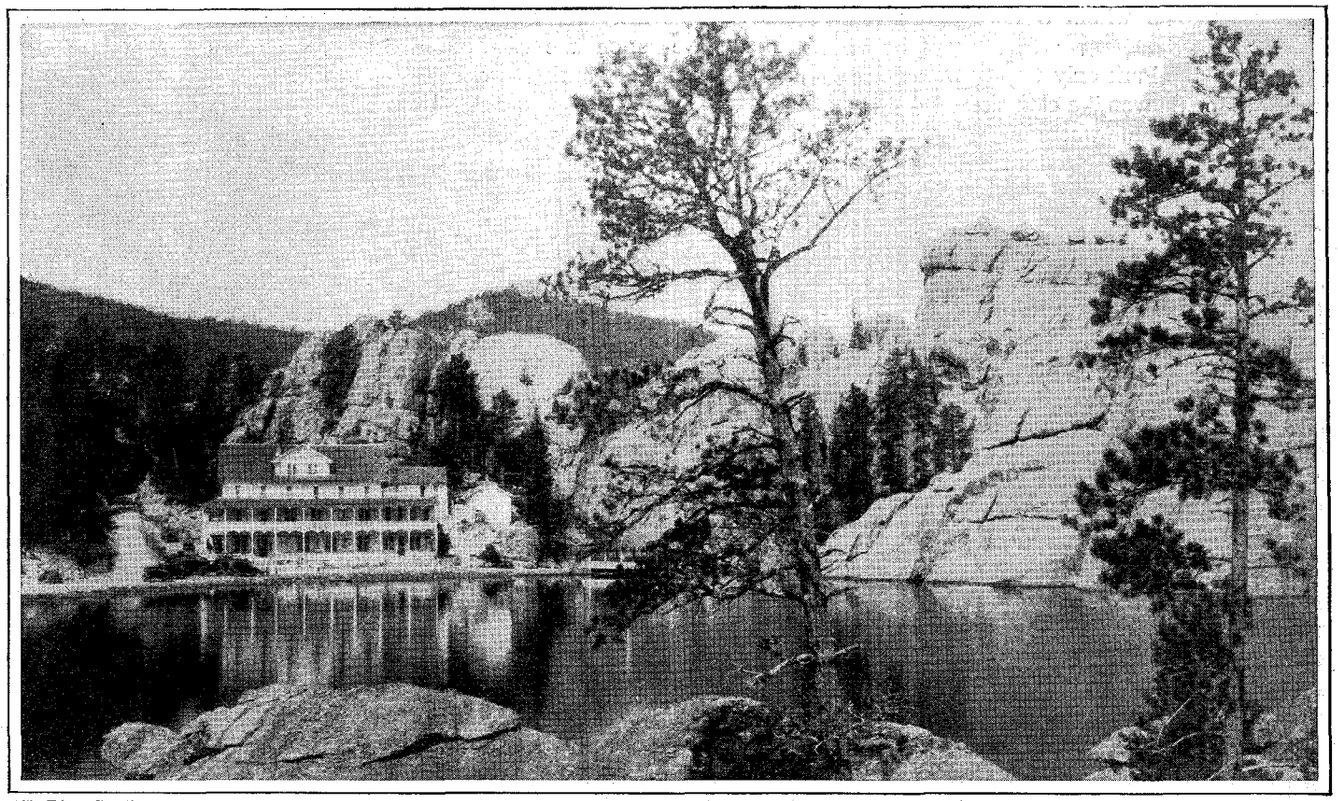

(C) Rise Studio

A lodge for tourists on a mountain lake in South Dakota State Park. This bit of water is at an altitude of nearly 6,000 feet

A wilderness may be a thing of beauty. It must be preserved, but it must also be made accessible to the public. Expensive mountain highways had to be constructed, modern hotels and restaurants suitable for the most fastidious were provided, mail routes were established and telephone service secured. Tourist camps with modern facilities were provided for the unpretentious motorist who carries his own tent. Cabins and tent-houses were made in large number for the accommodation of the traveler who does not carry his own equipment and still does not take to the exacting requirements of hotels. Golf grounds were laid out over hazardous courses to the delight of the persistent golfer. Trails were built into the higher mountain ranges and peaks for pedestrians and saddle-passengers. Some prefer the good saddle-horse, but most of the tourists take to the unconventional but safe and gentle burro whose sure-footedness is absolute protection against accident.

Climate

It is generally assumed that we must accept the weather as we find it, but in the South Dakota State Park the visitor has some choice in this matter, for he can find any summer temperature that he desires. Accessible to the highways are locations that vary 3,000 feet in altitude—all in an hour's drive. Even the lower parts of the mountains lie high over the surrounding plains that swelter in the summer heat, and the tourist is comfortable on the hottest summer days. In the higher locations the "social center" is the evening campfire. Every cottage has its fireplace, the tourist's luxury.

Recreations

Some prefer motoring through the places of great scenic beauty or points of historic interest. Others prefer mountain-climbing and exploring by the various trails. Those who have a taste for golf or tennis, find their pleasure near at hand. Fishing is greatly enjoyed and the streams that dash cold and clear over the mountain slopes are famous for their trout. Every visitor makes the trip to Harney Peak, the last three miles of which must be in the saddle or by foot. From the top of this peak the vision is unobscured for a hundred miles, covering parts of four large Western States.

The State Lodge

This State-owned hostelry is reached by modern automobile roads and is located in the more beautiful part of the lower ranges. It is new and up-to-date and has an architecture in harmony with its surroundings. It is the only hotel in the United States where the guests can sit on the broad veranda and see the elk, deer, Big Horn sheep, and other native game animals in their native habitat. The altitude of 4,400 feet is sufficient to be cool and comfortable on any summer day and the mosquito and other pests are here unknown. The State has offered the use of this Lodge to President Coolidge for his summer residence and it is one of the half-dozen places at present under consideration.

Leaving the Lodge with its oaks and its birch we follow the "Needles" Highway through the fragrant pine and drooping spruce which gradually dwindle in size as the higher stretches are reached. Climbing, climbing as much as the motor will stand, rising two thousand feet in twenty miles, we find beautiful Sylvan Lake nestling among the mountain peaks, the surprise and delight of every traveler. On its shores stands the Sylvan Lake Hotel, the other hotel provided by the State.

Highways

Motorists who have visited all the scenic summer resorts of America agree that the "Needles Highway" in the State Park is one of the most wonderful. It derives its name from the fact that it winds in and among towering granite spires locally known as "The Needles."

This region is truly a garden of the gods and does not suffer by comparison.

Attractions Outside the Park

Aside from the attractions of the Park there are a dozen places of interest tourists to the Black Hills gen-

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erally visit, each within a few hours' drive.

North of the Park only twenty miles is the "Dark Canyon," a cleft deep and narrow in the granite where the sunlight never enters though the tourists do.

About an hour and a half's ride to the north lies the Gold Region, famous as "The Richest Ten-Mile Square in the World." It is the home of the Homestake Mine owned and developed by Mr. Hearst, father of the journalist. More than two hundred million dollars in gold have been taken from a single hill. There is no abatement and it is still "going strong" after a half century of operation.

Only three miles away is the historic and romantic Deadwood, frequented in the early days by every well-known Western character. Buffalo Bill was known to every resident. "Calamity Jane" divided her time between the jail and the street. She robbed the rich and nursed the sick and in many ways added to the excitement of the settlement in the gulch. "Wild Bill," who had more notches on his gun than any other man, maintained peace and order as an officer of the law until he met with a tragic death. His grave is on the hillside visited by thousands of tourists every summer.

On the mountain top a thousand feet above the city stands an imposing monument, the first to be erected in memory of the late Theodore Roosevelt, placed there by men who became his friends in the '80s when his home was a ranch-house on the Little Missouri River.

Adjoining the State Park on the south, and also on the State Highway, lies the Wind Cave National Park. This cave is one of the tourists' stopping places. It has dozens of caverns and scores of miles of underground passages, much of which is still unexplored.

To the east and within range of the eye lies a region unlike anything in the world. It is commonly known as the Bad Lands. By a process of erosion of the peculiar soil Nature has transformed the surface of the earth to one of weird fantastic beauty resembling in the hazy distance mediæval cities with their castles, domes, and minarets. By the same process she has revealed to us the plant and animal life of the geological past. Scientific exploring parties have visited this region for eighty years and the specimens of prehistoric life of this area are on exhibit in every large museum on the globe. This was the home of the prehistoric horse only eighteen inches high and the original camel which was a dwarf. No place in the wide world excels the South Dakota Bad Lands in the abundance of its fossil remains.

Mount Rushmore

BEFORE the tourist leaves, he visits Mount Rushmore, just inside the boundary of the Park. This is the mountain upon which the great sculptor, Gutzon Borglum, is about to start work carving four heroic figures of the empire builders—Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Roosevelt. The figures will be on a scale of 460 feet in height. Some idea may be gained by comparison. The face of George Washington will be sixty feet in height—that of the Sphinx of Egypt is nineteen. The people of South Dakota have contributed liberally, and public-spirited citizens in the East have given assurances of large donations.

Garman

By RICHARD BOARDMAN

"LET'S Not Think," by "Undergraduate," appearing in The Outlook of March 2, 1927, might have been written at other times and from other colleges. Thinking may have been popular in the thirteenth century. Since then, however, undergraduates and graduates alike generally have preferred to feed on predigested mental food. In fairness, however, the article in question could not have been written from Amherst College during the Mauve Decade.

My brother went through Amherst with the class of '95. I went to Dartmouth, and was graduated with the class of '97. In the fall term of my sophomore year, I visited my brother on the eve of the then annual Dartmouth-Amherst football classic. My brother lived at the D K E house. We sat down to supper at a long table. I was introduced. The first thought was obvious—that I was some younger brother from a preparatory school, who shortly would be entering Amherst. Then, when it became known that I was already an undergraduate at Dartmouth, the conversation took that ultra-suave, courteous tone that college boys employ in addressing visitors from other colleges. Yes, there was to be a game tomorrow. Dartmouth had a team of giants. Her line had stood like a stone wall against Yale. Dartmouth no doubt would win, and more of the same sort. But it was all casual, impersonal, and of no seeming importance in their young lives.

Having done the courteous to the stranger in their midst, my hosts turned to the subject that was uppermost in their minds. It was Garman. Garman was a man and Garman was a college course. In the catalogue the course was denominated "Moral Philosophy I." But in the College itself the course was known by no other name than Garman. My table companions fairly rushed into the discussion. They disputed Garman's principles. They quarreled over the meaning of his words. They were enthusiastic over the man and enthused by the stimulus of his teaching. To me their language was strange and unintelligible. It was a scene that impressed me greatly at the time, and one that I have not seen repeated. Yet no doubt it was repeated at a dozen tables in Amherst over a period of many years. Never on the eve of a Presidential election or of a prize-fight, nor in the midst of the Hall-Mills trial, nor in the panic of 1907, nor when the passion of war was at its height, have I heard a more animated discussion than that waged by those Amherst seniors in 1894.

THE class of Amherst '95 has furnished the most outstanding member of the largest international banking house of the country, a Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and a President of the United States. Among the middle-aged men of to-day who have achieved prominence, the number of Amherst men is out of all proportion to the size of the college. As a fair lady once said, "I am not superstitious, but I do believe in coincidences." But no mere coincidence accounts for this predominance of Amherst men. It's Garman.

Garman was a philosopher, after a sort. He had worked out a method and a thesis of his own. His classes were led to question every conventional belief. It was said that if Garman should die at Christmas, more than half his students would be agnostics. But during the

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winter and spring terms he led his classes through the valley of doubt to a final and triumphant conclusion. His thesis concluded with the precision and certitude of a mathematical demonstration.

Of course, others have thought that there is no problem in science, much less in religion or philosophy, that can be so demonstrated. Science and philosophy alike proceed on evidence and reason, but always with caution, and always with incertitude caused by the possibility of error in the observation of facts, or in the processes of the reason.

Garman may not have been the profoundest of philosophers, but he certainly was a great teacher. For a workaday world, Garman's method had striking advantages. He taught his pupils to question, to think, to reason, and to arrive at a conclusion—a conclusion correct enough for practical purposes, yet incorrect, no doubt, in final analysis. The world demands of religion an idol, the symbol of certitude, an infallible Pope it may be, or an inerrant Bible, or perchance only a golden calf. So, too, of its leaders in all popular fields it demands a considered argument, followed by a conclusion, final, certain, and *strongly held.*

WITH the mental processes of a banker we may not concern ourselves. When money talks, no one may answer. With the conclusions of a Justice of the Supreme Court we may not disagree. "It is the law." The messages and papers of a President enjoy no such immunity. In fact, as free-born Anglo-Saxons, is it not our bounden duty to question and meddle in this matter? What do we find? Garman to the life! Sometimes it is the proper sphere of woman, sometimes it is the soldier's bonus, sometimes farmer's relief, but always the careful, considered argument, the conclusion stated with mathematical clearness and precision, and the conclusion strongly held.

Whenever you scratch an Amherst man of the Garman period, you find a thinker. And always, too, you find the same logical processes, the same finality of decision, the same stability of conviction. No wonder they tower above us of the unthinking multitude. If they have thought something out for us, we will follow them. Who cares if their conclusions are philosophically and fundamentally all wrong? Practically, they seem all right. And certitude is what we want. Assurance is the banner we will follow.

BUT to return to Garman, for it is with him that we presently are concerned. Garman was withal a devout New England Congregationalist. He led his flock finally into the green pastures and beside the still waters. Never was a shepherd more faithful. The story is told of him that one of his students was called home by the death of his father in the mid-year. The boy was still in the valley of doubt. During the spring Professor Garman heard of him as roaming about among the Vermont hills of his home, giving expression to his doubts and unbelief. The following summer, instead of going to the White Mountains, as was his custom, Professor Garman went up into Vermont, sought out his erstwhile pupil, gave him, alone, the lectures that had been missed, and labored for and with the one, as in class he did for and with the many, and brought the boy triumphantly out of the slough of agnosticism into the clear light of his own genial philosophy.

In the nineties boys went to Amherst as disinclined to think as are the boys of to-day. They came under the compelling influence of Professor Garman's overwhelming enthusiasm. They learned to think. They found that they liked to think. Then they were excited by the experience almost to the state of intoxication.

ONCE in a century, perhaps, a great teacher like Professor Garman will appear. When he does appear, his students will forget the slogan "Let's not think," but will find their greatest pleasure and excitement in thought. Such a teacher will get kings, though he be none. A log in the wilderness with Garman on one end of it is university enough for any President.

In those days, if suddenly you should ask an Amherst man who made him, he would reply, "Garman." And he would not be so very wrong. No doubt God made Amherst men in common with the unthinking rest of us. God may have given him eyes and nose and mouth, but Garman gave him distinction. Why, then, is his fame left to one of the thoughtless, in this off-hand, casual way, to sound his praise? A considered "Life of Garman" might be made one of the best treatises on education, and one that would outlive any book on the subject that has been written in a generation. At least, if I were a thinker, I would think so.

Ambiguity

By DAVID MORTON

THESE lilacs are so dim against the green
They are like ghosts of lilacs, little more,
A sweet suspicion, less than something seen,
Topping the hedges, shadowing the door.
And I go by, half doubting as I go,
If they were lilacs, blooming in their hour,
Or some old dream, deep-buried, waking so,
And yielding, still, this fragrance like a flower.

And it is always thus when twilight streams
Over the trees and hedges of the town,
Filling the world with dim, immoderate dreams,
Trailing the purple evening like a gown,
And all the dusk is magic with this spell
Of lilacs seen . . . or dreamed . . . one cannot tell.

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America's Greatest Stake in Rubber

Modern Industry in the Midst of the Sumatra Jungle

By CLEMENT SCHWINGES

THE original pivotal price of crude rubber, as established in November, 1922, under the British Stevenson Restriction Act, was 36 cents a pound. In 1926 it was raised first to 42 cents, and then again to 48 cents per pound. Was the repeated rise ordained to spare the despairing planters from ruin?

A few facts regarding dividends paid for 1925 by British rubber-growing companies, as published in the "Economist," will answer the question:

The Golconda Malay Rubber Company paid 40 per cent dividends for 1925.

The Kapar Para Rubber Estate, 45 per cent.

The Rembau Jelel Rubber Company distributed "only" 20 per cent out of total earnings of 31 per cent, but the board stated apologetically that 20 per cent in the second year was in reality not unsatisfactory.

The Kepong Malay Rubber Estate paid a total of 62.5 per cent for 1925 and increased reserves substantially. This company distributed its first dividend in 1909, and since then has paid dividends aggregating 722 per cent. Assuming that the first call for capital subscribed was made in 1903, which would give ample time for rubber trees to be planted and to grow to bearing, the stockholders received an average of more than 31 per cent for each year on the total investment. An average yearly dividend of 31 per cent for nearly a quarter of a century!

We may envy the fortunate investors, but we have no right to begrudge them their income, even if we, as consumers of more than seventy per cent of the world's total crude rubber production, pay the largest part of that income. They deserve every penny they receive; it is a just reward for their pluck and enterprise.

ABOUT a generation ago, after extensive experiments, British planters in Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, and other British possessions in the Middle East decided to plant rubber on a large scale and formed companies to finance the enterprise. One pound sterling shares were offered to the British public. The small investors, the penny savers, took up millions of these shares, although at that time nobody anticipated the phenomenal success the industry was destined to have. Nobody imagined that rubber would ever be consumed at the rate of more than half a million tons a year, as is the case now. Dutch planters in Sumatra and Java soon followed suit. The British and the Dutch now control about eighty-five per cent of the world's plantation rubber production. French, Belgian, and Japanese investors, and others, soon took advantage of the new opportunity.

The most noteworthy among the few American companies that planted Para rubber in the Middle East are the United States Rubber Company and the Continental Rubber Company. The Continental Rubber Company has about 4,000 acres planted to Para rubber in the Middle East, but is now more active in the planting of guayule rubber in Mexico, Texas, California, etc. That is an entirely different industry, and is not under consideration in this article.

The United States Rubber Company has made efforts to plant Para rubber ever since 1903, when extensive concessions were obtained in northern Brazil. But there the State Government of the region did not know how to treat a goose that is expected to lay golden eggs; the goose was not killed, but she was not made comfortable, so that she flew away to seek another nest, alighting finally in Sumatra. After extensive surveys, actual planting was started in 1911, and during that year the company planted the largest tract ever planted to Para rubber by any one concern during a twelve-month period, viz., 14,000 acres, or about 22 square miles. To convert a tract of that size from virgin jungle into a carpet-like surface, with trees planted at absolutely even distances one from another, is a gigantic task to complete in one short year.

To open and plant an acre of jungle land requires about 300 labor days—that is to say, a force of 20 men would finish the task in 15 working days, or one man would do it in 300 days—practically one year. Consequently, an army of at least 14,000 men, not counting the idle and sick, must have been at work constantly during the year to complete the job. Nor can a plantation be left to itself after the trees are in the ground. Cleaning, weeding, and general upkeep work has to go on constantly. It requires 90 labor days to keep an acre trim for the first year after planting. But gradually the trees grow and shade the ground, so that weeds grow less abundantly. During the fourth year only about 30 days are required to attend to the upkeep of an acre—that is to say, one man can attend to about ten acres.

The company did not stop after having created a plantation of 22 square miles. Up to 1922, inclusive, planted acreage was increased at an average rate of 4,500 acres per year; during the four years 1923–6 the increase averaged 6,000 acres annually.

The United States Rubber Company's plantations, operated through several subsidiaries, now aggregate nearly 83,000 acres, a square of more than 11 miles each way. Besides this the company owns more than 60,000 acres of reserve land and is acquiring more at every possible opportunity.

THE largest single rubber plantation in the world, consisting of nearly 80 square miles of planted rubber land in one single block, is situated in Sumatra and operated by the Hollandsch-American Plantage Matschappij—the H. A. P. M.—a subsidiary of the United States Rubber Company. It is not only the largest, but also the most conspicuous plantation in the world, as will be seen by the table on page 157.

The large variation in the capital costs in the table on page 157 is remarkable. Great Britain, with about two-thirds of all the Middle East plantations, stands very near the average, which is $265.39 for all nations, exclusive of the United States. The latter, with $367.82, stands 39 per cent above the average, 10 per cent above the next highest (Japan), and 64 per cent above the lowest (France). It seems strange that American planters should invest so much more per acre than other planters. But there is a reason: foresight—as will be seen if the policies of the H. A. P. M. are studied. No money is wasted by this company; but it can be said, by inference at least, that some of those with comparatively low capital costs are penny wise and pound foolish. They start wasting money by saving in the very first step of operations—clearing the jungle. After cutting and burning, they leave the stumps to rot in the

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Para rubber plantations owned and operated in the Middle East in 1923 by the planters of various nationalities :

	Acres	Capital Cost	Cost Per Acre
Great Britain	1,874,000	$505,000,000	$269.47
Holland	535,000	130,000,000	242.99
Japan	125,000	42,000,000	336.00
France and Belgium	134,000	30,000,000	223.88
Shanghai	52,000	14,000,000	269.23
Denmark	40,000	11,000,000	275.00
Others	17,000	5,000,000	294.12
Total exclusive of the United States	2,777,000	$737,000,000	$265.39
The United States	87,000	32,000,000	367.82
Grand Total	2,864,000	$769,000,000	$268.50

ground, because their removal is rather expensive.

But to leave them is often more expensive, because they rot and spread contagious diseases among the growing rubber trees, destroying sometimes acres and acres of planted rubber land. The H. A. P. M. is not done with planting until the last trace of the jungle has disappeared, regardless of cost; and the same policy of putting everything in as clean and sanitary a condition as money and effort can accomplish, prevails in all branches of its operations, from the first step of clearing to the shipping of the finished product, and from the building of the very comfortable home of the head manager to constructing the humble but clean and homelike dwellings of the natives.

Some planters try to "save" in the cost of construction of quarters for the staff as well as the "lines" (rows upon rows of dwellings for natives). That, and everything else connected with the laborers or their relatives and their needs, is the last thing on which a planter might save with impunity, because it invariably results in poor, and consequently more expensive, labor, not to mention other evils inseparable from a poorly attended labor force—one of the most serious of which is a larger turnover, a very important factor on a rubber plantation, because the bulk of the labor has to be imported at considerable expense.

The H. A. P. M. recruits most of its labor from Java on a three-year agreement, and at a cost of about $60 a person. When the men arrive they are usually in very poor condition—underfed, sickly, and in general unfit for work. About ten per cent must be rejected at once as hopeless and are returned to their country at the company's expense. Unless something serious necessitates hospital treatment, the remaining ninety per cent go to a rest camp. There they are treated for hookworm and other tropical diseases and, above all, are fed. By the time they are taken to their station they are different beings from when they arrived, and by then each man has cost the company nearly one hundred dollars. As the H. A. P. M. employs about 25,000 laborers, that item of its investment runs into the millions. The men therefore constitute a valuable asset; and as their efficiency increases automatically with the amortization of the cost of recruiting, the value of the asset increases with the time. One can readily imagine that they are treated well for practical, if not for purely humanitarian, reasons. How the native laborers fare on the H. A. P. M. plantations is illustrated very plainly by the fact that eighty-five per cent of the men re-engage at the expiration of their agreement.

The company provides healthful, clean, and nutritious food, with a diversity of diet, for the natives at a figure usually below cost. The sick rate at the H. A. P. M. was four per cent at the beginning of operations, and that rate was considered excellent. It has dropped gradually below one per cent. The death rate is about seven per thousand, as compared with thirteen per thousand in the United States. These splendid achievements have been attained through the constant efforts of the permanent medical staff and a regiment of trained nurses, operating a hospital with more than one thousand beds and the most modern equipment that money and careful thought can provide.

THE staff of the company comprises, in addition to the usual members attending to the business and administrative end, a large body of scientists and practical planters. There are micrologists to study tree diseases, their prevention and cure; soil analysts to determine the suitability of certain areas for planting, the manuring methods to be employed, etc.; genetic botanists to make seed selections and to study bud grafting and other highly scientific methods to increase yield; foresters to supervise tapping and watch bark renewal, etc.; there is a statistical department to keep accurate track of millions of trees—their life history, their yield for each month, their diseases—to determine the trees from which to bud and those from which to seed, in order to obtain maximum yield at minimum cost. There is a staff of engineers to build drains, steam railroads, motor roads, houses, factories, and other buildings, and bunds to prevent the soil from being washed away by heavy rains. There are repair shops to do almost everything conceivable in the way of keeping such a vast establishment in trim and efficient condition 12,000 miles away from home.

Even British publications, representative of the largest rubber-growing country, acclaim the work of this foremost American plantation. For instance, the British publication "Recent Developments in the Rubber Planting Industry:"

"It is astonishing to find how many of the familiar problems of rubber planting have been satisfactorily settled by the researches of the H. A. P. M. staff;" and the "Bulletin of the Rubber Growers Association:"

"The contributions to scientific journals by members of the H. A. P. M. research staff are read by all interested in the well-being of the industry, and the broad-minded view of the administration in giving free access to their laboratories and records is an example which might be followed by many other organizations."

ONE of the most important achievements of the H. A. P. M. research staff resulted from constant experiments in the way of handling latex from the tree to its final destination (the rubber goods manufacturers, 12,000 miles away). The first radical accomplishment was the shipping of latex in liquid form. That is essential for certain manufactures, because the latex retains certain chemical qualities only while it remains liquid. So far back as 1913 small experimental shipments of liquid rubber were made in five-gallon kerosene cans, but not until 1920 was it successfully shipped in fifty-gallon steel drums. Later, the fore and aft peak tanks of cargo steamers were used for the purpose. At that time the company already had containers of 1,000 gallons capacity each, which were filled on the plantation a hundred miles or more dis-

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tant from the dock and sent there by rail. They were placed on the deck of the steamer and the ship tanks were filled by gravity.

The next step was to induce steamers to clean their ballast and oil tanks and fill them with latex for the home trip. The steamship companies, although rather reluctant at first, soon began to compete for the business, and several lines equipped their vessels for that kind of cargo. In 1923 the company introduced fifteen tank cars of ten tons capacity each for transportation of latex over its own rails from the rubber estate to the dock, where the latex is drained into storage tanks of 200 tons each. As soon as the steamer arrives the latex is put into tank lighters, and while the steamer takes on solid rubber from the dock on one side, the latex is pumped into the steamer's tanks from the other side, thus reducing loading time to a minimum. At the arrival of the steamer in this country the process is reversed: railroad tank cars are placed on barges and filled from alongside.

But the research staff did not rest on its laurels with this important achievement. A method was evolved by which latex can be solidified and yet retain all those qualities which were largely neutralized by the old coagulating process. The famous Hopkinson Spraying Process converts the latex into a dry and spongy mass, as easy to handle as cake or crape rubber, but of far superior quality. The company has nine spraying plants with a capacity of about 17,000 tons of dry rubber annually. They work steadily with three eight-hour shifts so as to be able to manage the latex coming from the company's plantations as well as that delivered under contract by other planters. Liquid rubber is now shipped only in such quantities as are required for certain specific purposes to which it is better adapted than the new solid rubber.

THE plantation, with its factories, shops, dwellings, hospitals, clubs, hotels, theaters, about a hundred miles of railroad track, etc., is a little world in itself. After riding for miles through virgin jungle one is surprised to come suddenly upon an establishment of such magnitude and all in the interest of more rubber and lower cost of production.

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Escort to Leviathan[1]

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS is a case of Leviathan and the minnows, this collection of recent books of poetry before me. Not that John G. Neihardt is a minnow, even if Edwin Arlington Robinson is certainly Leviathan among our poets. Neihardt has his own stature. And a few of the many slim volumes—as one must always call them because their size and shape are always such—are more than minnowish. But the generality are minnows, and will so remain.

Leviathan fills the foreground, or rather, let me get rid of this uncomfortable figure of speech right at the outset, and say that it is Mr. Robinson's "Tristram" that fills the foreground. This is his latest long narrative poem in his Arthurian cycle. It may not be the best of his Arthurian poems. But it is the most human of them all, a poem with few faults, and, above everything, showing an increase of emotional power over the work even of his youth. This last is an astonishing phenomenon.

"Tristram" comes in the train of the large blue volume of Robinson's "Collected Poems" which appeared half a dozen years ago. Robinson published other long poems after that, "Roman Bartholow," "The Man Who Died Twice," the title poem of "Dionysus in Doubt." The second-mentioned is, in some ways a more remarkable poem than "Tristram," but it is in a different category.

With these preliminaries done, let us consider the poem. Before I had read it completely through for myself, I had heard part of it read by Mrs. August Belmont at the Sunday evening when so many of his friends and admirers met to do honor to Mr. Robinson. Mrs. Belmont read a good deal of the latter portion with cuts. Among the characters there appearing, one of the most interesting studies was Mr. Robinson's treatment of King Mark of Cornwall. In Tennyson, to go no farther back, we read that Mark was "a name of evil savor in the land." Arthur spurns his allegiance thus, in "Gareth and Lynette":

and Arthur cried
To rend the cloth and cast it on the hearth.

. . . "But Mark hath tarnish'd the great name of king,
As Mark would sully the low state of churl:
And, seeing he hath sent us cloth of gold,
Return, and meet, and hold him from our eyes,
Lest we should lap him up in cloth of lead,
Silenced for ever—craven—a man of plots,
Craft, poisonous counsels, wayside ambushings—"

In "The Last Tournament" Isolt hates Mark with a bitter hatred. "My God," she says to Tristram, "the measure of my hate for Mark is as the measure of my love for thee." One "mute midsummer night" in her tower, "flash'd a levin-brand; and near me stood, in fuming sulphur blue and green, a fiend—

Mark's way to steal behind one in the dark."

Isolt upbraids Tristram for his marriage; Tristram is blunt and half-

[1] Tristram, by Edwin Arlington Robinson (Macmillan. $1.75); Collected Poems, by John G. Neihardt (Macmillan. $4); The Radiant Tree, by Marguerite Wilkinson (Macmillan. $2.50); Cliff Dwellings, by Glenn Ward Dresbach (Harold Vinal. $2); High Passage, by Thomas Hornsby Ferril (Yale University Press. $1.25); Selected Lyrics of Amelia Josephine Burr (Doran. $2); Laughter of Omnipotence, by J. H. Wallis (Harold Vinal. $1.50); The Guilty Sun, by James Daly (Folio Press, 5176 Woodlawn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. $2); Songs from the Heart of a Boy, by Jesse L. Lasky, Jr. (Boni & Liveright. $2); Little Pictures, by Ruth Victoria Inglis; Threads, by Dorothy Quick; Gray Songs, by Mercy Baldwin; Green Acres, by Vivian Yeiser Laramore; Wind Tossed Leaves, by Victor Zorin; Star Gatherer, by Jamie Sexton Holme; Late Adventure, by Lena Hall (All Harold Vinal. $1.50 each); Poppies and Mandragora, by Edgar Saltus (Harold Vinal. $2); The Test of the Sky, by Dora Read Goodale; Viareggio and Other Poems, by Max de Schauensee; Flickering Candlelight, by Mary Edgar Comstock (All Contemporary Poets of Dorrance. Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia. $1.75 each); Ignis Ardens, by Merle St. Croix Wright (Harold Vinal. $1.50); Selected Poems on Woodrow Wilson (Dean & Co., 112 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. $1.50).

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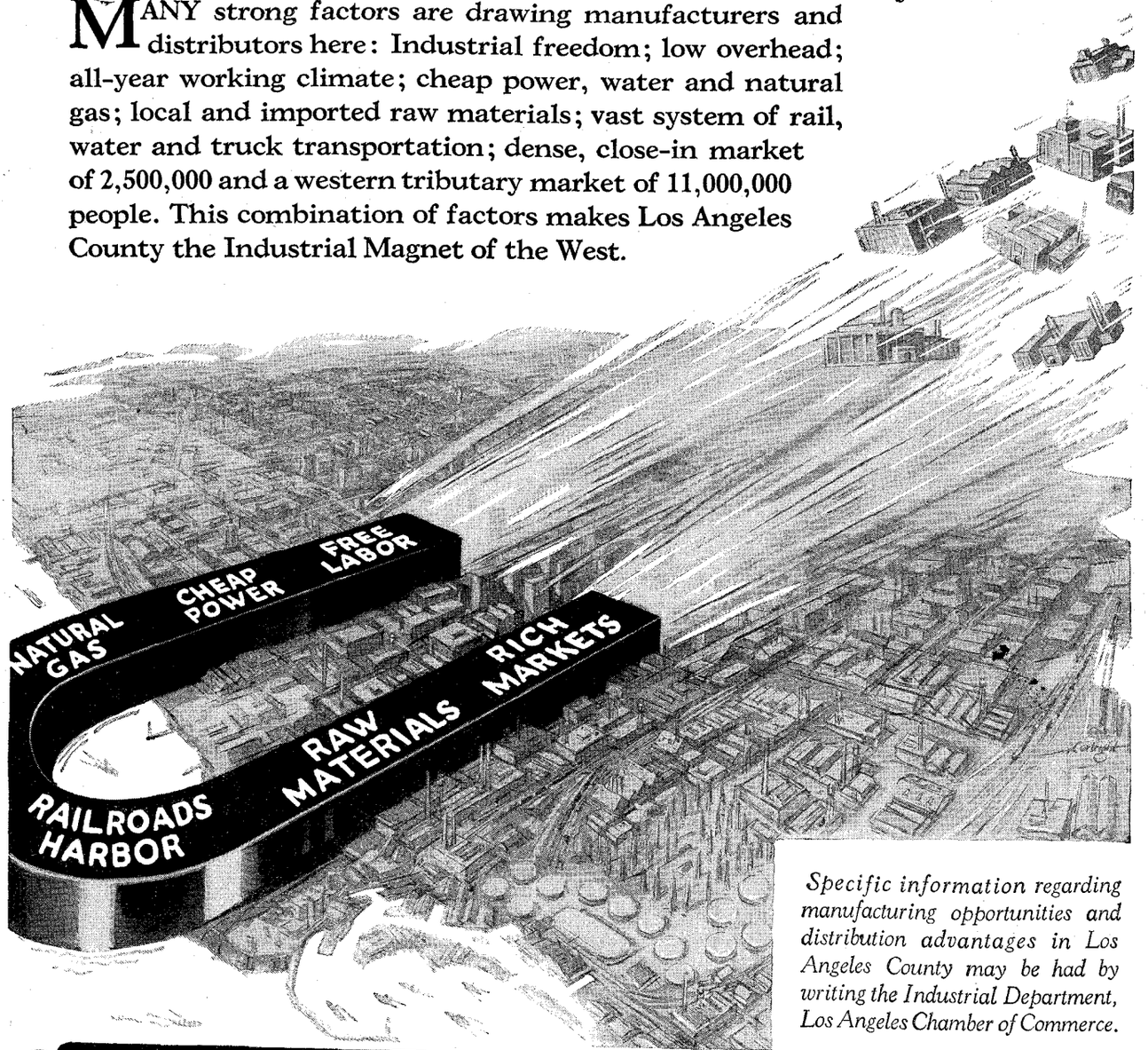

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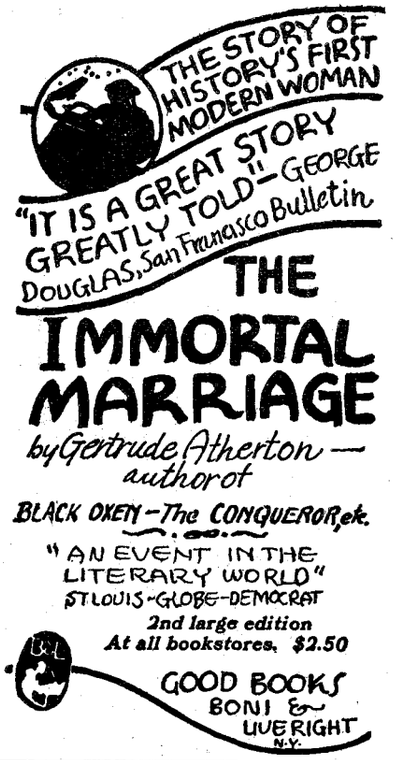
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angered as he admits, though protesting, "My soul, we love but while we may; and therefore is my love so large for thee, seeing it is not bounded save by love." Later over their meat and wine they mock "at the much ungainliness, and craven shifts, and long crane legs of Mark," who finally strikes like a snake from the darkness.

> Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek—
> "Mark's way," said Mark, and clove him thro' the brain.

So Tennyson. How does Robinson interpret these three. In the first place Tennyson gives them, on the whole, but scant attention. In the second place, he seems to me to render them cheap, all three. He makes no attempt (it was not part of his scheme) to treat them, as Mark Van Doren in his sketch of Robinson's "Tristram" refers to the French poets having formerly treated the Tristram story, "with fullness and beauty." But though, as always with Tennyson (in the teeth of some modern half-baked appraisal) there is often the memorable line, even in his brief way with Tristram, Mark and Isolt—there was in Tennyson only a tithe of the understanding of true love and passion that Robinson shows so lavishly. For Robinson is subtle with it and sophisticated in the greatest sense, and his amazing understanding of women as well as of men (of which we have had no inconsiderable evidence before this) makes of this old and essentially simple and fervidly romantic legend a study of fateful love as penetrating, we are like to think, as any study of it will ever be. Tennyson's idylls were always tapestry, though often most glorious tapestry and often rippled and shaken by the wind of strong emotion. Robinson's tale is full of intricate ironies, yet lucid as daylight and actual as to-day. The colloquy between Isolt of Brittany and Gawaine, for an instance, is so wittily deft above its poignance as to make the self-conscious wit of an Erskine's "Galahad" seem labored. In the illusion of reality created by his narrative Robinson the poet has given most novelists cards and spades, and whipped them at their own game; in that and in a management of intricacies of thought and emotion that only a great intelligence could have perceived and successfully untangled, in a story the main outlines of which were such obvious dramatic material.

As Mr. Mark Van Doren has said, "The connection of Mr. Robinson's new hero with Camelot is not so close that we are reminded of those abstract ideas which informed the 'Merlin' and the 'Lancelot.' The connection is there, and it is interesting; but the time is an earlier one and the air for the most part is freer and clearer." That is true, but the reader will find an analysis of love in connection with fatality intricately comprehensive, with remarks by the way, whether on Mr. Robinson's own lips or upon the lips of his characters (which resolves itself into the same thing) going as profoundly to the root of the matter as any remarks that have been made in poetry—or in prose, we might add—for a number of lustra.

That is the essence of the "Tristram," that will be its abiding power, I venture to prophesy, for generations of readers. Take the modern ladies of Mr. Robinson's "The Clinging Vine" or "London Bridge," they are intensely real, but no more real because they are of our century and period than the two Isolts of this poem, than Queen Morgan even. And the differentiation of characters in this poem is most accomplished, as the style is accomplished, a manner which has the chief characteristic that makes a "style," that it is in its entirety indubitably the manner of one single writer and of no other under heaven.

But I have wandered from a difference I meant to point out. I have quoted Tennyson's characterizing of Mark. Robinson gives us a very man instead of this stage villain. It is not that Isolt does not hate him, "so candid and exact is her abhorrence." It is not that Tristram does not hate him, or that Mark is not "a nature not so base as it was common, and not so cruel as it was ruinous to itself and all who thwarted it," but in those very qualifications is an indication of how reasonably the poet deals with this character. How fair a "break" he gives him in the conclusion of the poem must be left for the reader to discover. Suffice it to say that it convinces. The conclusion is greatly moving, the conclusion for Mark, the conclusion for Isolt of Brittany. The lovers have meanwhile found their peace.

Though "Tristram" is a long poem, a long poem is short compared with the average novel. One of the chief advantages poetry has over prose is pregnant condensation. "Tristram" admirably illustrates this advantage. It fully justifies blank verse again as a narrative medium, if, indeed, it needed justification. It makes even skillful prose seem unwieldy. Here is the whole story with far-reaching implications. We might almost say, though that is the highest praise possible, that now and here this particular story is told once for all.

John G. Neihardt's "Collected Poems"

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gathers together a body of work of indubitable power and significance. There are first the lyrics, then the earlier poetic dramas, and, for the last half of the book, and a bit more, the epics of the West that are a rare achievement in themselves. There are some beautiful movements, there is some fine phrasing in the shorter work, but it is with Mr. Neihardt as a narrative poet of our early West that I am chiefly concerned. Here he has made an epic cycle wholly his own and has progressed from strength to strength. He has delved and studied for his material. He has gone to sources and been all over the terrain. His purpose has been, in his own words, "to preserve the great race-mood of courage that was developed west of the Missouri River in the 19th century." He has talked to still-living participants in those early struggles. All this ground-work would be of no importance if he had not managed to create from his material living and breathing stories. "The Song of Hugh Glass" appeared ten years before "The Song of the Indian Wars," "The Song of Three Friends" four years after "The Song of Hugh Glass." All three long poems are written in couplets. The last crowns his work. All the poems have the power of movement, the vividness of epithet, the dramatic vigor, the range of vision that one would desire; they are a contribution to history as well as to poetry. I have not space enough to attempt a detailed analysis, but his epic cycle gives Neihardt a distinguished place among our few narrative poets. He has steadily and quietly perfected his technique. Considerable flaws and embarrassments are evident in his earlier lyrical work; they are not present when he has a tale to tell. His progress from the subjective to the objective has shown where his greatest power lies and he has genuinely achieved it in the latter category.

With the other books before me I must be brief. "The Radiant Tree" is an anthology compiled by Marguerite Wilkinson out of a burning religious faith. Her introduction is full of zeal, her choices often original and unusually fine, witness "The New Ghost" by Fredegond Shove and the two stirring selections from John Hall Wheelock. There are many familiar poems both old and new. The spirit of the whole book is that of the Christian Cross turned into a resurrection tree.

Glenn Ward Dresbach has written several books of poems full of the colors of the West and of sensitiveness to the spells of desert and mesa. His new volume "Cliff Dwellings" has much occasional beauty and shows a true ear for cadence. There is originality in these visions and a notably observant eye has caught significant moments of the country it has long scrutinized. Thomas Hornsby Ferril was the "Nation's" prize poet this year. He is another Westerner. Nearer to prose at times than Mr. Dresbach, he often exceeds him in striking conceptions. "The Empire Sofa," for instance, and "The Hands of Joseph Smith," are cases in point. He has much original charm.

Wind River, Sweetwater, Yellowstone,
Rosebud, Powder, Green,
Where are the men who wandered
away,
And never again were seen?
Where are their rifles, knives, and
traps?
Last night they sat around the fire,
The air was sweet with evergreen,
The air was wild with brier.

We have considerable hopes for Mr. Ferril.

Amelia Josephine Burr is a lyrist of some years standing and a magazine poet of the better order. Her poetry is simple and direct and often sentimental. Occasionally it is of steelier fibre than this. J. H. Wallis is a new poet (to those who do not know his earlier somewhat eccentric "Testament of William Windune," which will repay discovery). In "Laughter of Omnipotence" he displays lyrical simplicity and direct statement rythmically forceful. His philosophical ideas are of considerable interest. The reality of the poem "Dying," the scope of "The Cycle" are impressive. James Daly, an even newer poet, has distinction, great sensitivity to the brightness and music of words. He can be cryptic, but his poetry has both artistry and ardor.

Of the other volumes published by Mr. Vinal and of the new numbers in the contemporary poets of Dorrance, I can only say that much verse competent in technique in varying degrees and of no great importance is displayed. Mr. Vinal has all his volumes attractively bound and printed. A lyric or sonnet here and there gleams with transient originality. To more than that I cannot commit myself. The posthumous poems of Edgar Saltus seem to me interesting only because of his name. The posthumous poems of the Reverend Merle St. Croix Wright reflect the fine and stalwart spirit of the man and his love for poetry. His was a generous and rich personality. The poems selected as a memorial to our late President Woodrow Wilson are laudable in intention and include several contributions having more than the merit of occasional verse.

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Fiction

IN SUCH A NIGHT. By Babette Deutsch. The John Day Company, New York. $2.

Any form is permitted a novelist in these days. He can fill a large canvas with the sprawling liberality of Sinclair Lewis, or limit his scene, his characters, and his action with Aristotleian rigidity, after the occasional fashion of Virginia Woolf. "In Such a Night," which tells the events of an evening house-warming, is a new and successful example of the latter method. It is a method fraught with danger of monotony or unrelieved intensity, pitfalls which Miss Deutsch avoids easily, partly by shifting her view-point frequently, partly by creating an atmosphere of somewhat dreadful suspense through the introduction of a situation probably as embarrassing as any hostess was ever called upon to meet. Another notable feat of accomplishment is a chapter which goes completely James Joyce for several pages and still remains intelligible. Here is a novel cerebral, but absorbing.

MOTHER KNOWS BEST. By Edna Ferber. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.50.

Miss Ferber wrote excellent short stories long before her novels, "So Big" and "Show Boat," became best-sellers. She still writes short stories now and then. Those collected in this book do not need to be dubbed "novelettes" or "little novels." They are human, humorous, and pointed. "Classified" and "Our Very Best People" could pass unchallenged as O. Henry at his best, and "Every Other Thursday" is a close rival.

RED DAMASK. By Emanie Sachs. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

At first inclined to class this book with the excellent title as superficial, we confess that in the end we found it an interesting study. It traces the various high spots in the life of an attractive girl, born into and bred in a family of conservative German Jews, and cursed with a conscience. Despite evasions, few of us can escape our ultimate braying in the mortar of experience, and her most poignant experiences come late to Abbey Ware, married to a most estimable husband. The steps through which she suffers perpetual discontent and subsequent development are realistic. So is the vivid portrayal of the close corporation of a Jewish household, the continual squabbles with servants, Donna's amusing personality, and Matthew Heron's caustic one. Abbey's problem is common—that of the badly inhibited individual attempting to free himself. We do not feel that Abbey ever will succeed in this noble task. She is a nervous type, whose brain, for want of adequate occupation, turns in on itself; but we acknowledge the author's good work on a sordid situation. At least the latter writes from experience and has not lost her sense of humor.

BROTHER SAUL. By Donn Byrne. The Century Company, New York. $2.50.

That Donn Byrne, having chosen to write of Biblical times and persons, should fill a rich scene with figures replete with color, feeling, vitality, and touched with poetic imagination, any one familiar with his other work might have guessed. It would have been less easy to foretell that he would be able so convincingly to compel his readers to follow stage by stage, to understand, and to accept as inevitable the slow and difficult change and development in the complex character of Saul of Tarsus, by which the hard and learned Rabbi Saul of the Sanhedrim, the persecutor of Christians, becomes the lofty and gentle old man of the closing pages, loved and lovable, carrying unwearyingly the message of the Nazarene. But he accomplishes this with striking success; and there are other notable characterizations in a notable book, nobly conceived: Gamaliel, Barnabas, Stephen, the sweet and shadowy Nossis, Thekla the shining Greek girl, and Uncle Joachim—above all, the flawless portrait of Uncle Joachim.

CRAVEN HOUSE. By Patrick Hamilton. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.

To most Americans boarding-houses are already prehistoric. They may linger in summer resorts and small towns, but only as survivals struggling for existence against the vigorous self-determinism of kitchenettes and cafeterias. But apparently boarding-houses still flourish in London, and it is a boarding-house of the ancient tradition, with its dismal pretentiousness and its odd collocation of human beings brought together like the "happy families" of the zoo, that we find in "Craven House." Miss Hatt, the proprietor of this genteel habitation, is stoutish, talkative, and determinedly merry, with a masterful hand on her two slaveys and the inner grievance of all boarding-house keepers. In her "family" are her two old friends, skinny, smiling Mrs. Spicer and Mr. Spicer of the walrus mustache and golden tooth; curt, watchful Mrs. Nixon and her timid, shrinking little daughter; and the new "permanent," Major Wildman, and his small son. Other figures come within the group during the years from 1911 to 1926, through which Mr. Hamilton weaves a thin thread of romance about the two children and lifts the cover of the caldron to glimpse the incompatibilities, futilities, absurdities, cruelties, and innocencies that simmer within. The tale has a gusto of detail and characterization that leaves an impress, but it is heavy-handed in humor and clumsy in dramatic action.

Biography

THE DIARY OF ELBRIDGE GERRY, JR. Brentano's, New York. $2.

This story of Elbridge Gerry's journey to Washington in 1813, when his father was Vice-President, during President Madison's Administration, is pleasantly remindful of Josiah Quincy's trip to that city when John Quincy Adams was President, thirteen years later, told in "Figures of the Past." Young Gerry traveled on horseback over atrocious roads for the most part, and young Quincy by the comparatively easy stage-coach. Both give a lively picture of Washington society of their time, Gerry being too enamored of social doings to heed the clouds of impending war overhanging the country.

A curious discrepancy occurs in his account of the trip. Arriving at Hartford, Connecticut, he speaks of passing through Plymouth, Vermont, a foot-note asserting that this Plymouth was "the boyhood home of President Coolidge." The diary goes on to say: "Beyond this town we traveled over part of the Green Mountains of Vermont" to the adjoining town of Watertown. As Plymouth is in Vermont and Watertown in Connecticut, and the next day's journey took them to Danbury, Connecticut, we infer that a leaf describing another journey has strayed into this diary, the editor thoughtlessly mistaking the village for the Vermont Plymouth. Elbridge Gerry uses the stilted style of that day, with frequent boyish attempts at fine writing. He says of Mount Pleasant, in the Catskills: "To delineate with correctness the features of this is difficult. Nature appears to have formed this spot as the first on the lists of romance, . . . the houses are scattered and fancy in her true robes is displayed in their situations." The party see "elegant rivers" and "handsome islands" and fasten their boats "to the roots of umbrageous trees." But most of his flowers of speech are reserved for the "lovely ladies of his acquaintance." At the end of a wild forest

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ride he writes: "I was transported on my alighting, with a view of several female countenances, and soon discovered them to be very handsome." He meets many "romantic ladies" and "beautiful females," and asserts: "I always like to be in the regions of ladies, the atmosphere is so much purer." He describes Dolly Madison as "very handsome, of elegant form and dignified deportment, . . . fine complexion, high and delicately colored, . . . dressed in a yellow silk gown rather loose and plain, . . . neat bonnet, . . . a cravat around her neck, . . . spangled cloth shoes;" but, he adds regretfully, "her feet I had not the honor of being permitted to examine, and therefore am unable to describe." No such deprivation exists to-day!

Young Gerry appears to have been a great beau, and remained a beau, presumably, to the end, dying, unmarried, at the age of ninety-two.

THE PRODIGIOUS LOVER. New Aspects in the Life of Richard Wagner. By Louis Barthou. Translated by Henry Irving Brock. Duffield & Co., New York. $2.50.

M. Barthou (former Premier of France) does not specify exactly what may be novel in his findings on Wagner, nor do his publishers. All are here, the old familiar faces—Minna Planer, Mathilde Wesendonck, Cosima von Bülow, and the perhaps unwillingly complaisant husbands of the latter two, forming as extraordinary a crew as ever surrounded a man of genius. Still, there are odd lots of youthful loves and casual passers-by on the byways of love, of whom M. Barthou informs us. Not all the writer's talent can make his book much more than unedifying, and some passages, mainly quotations from Wagner's own letters, are conducive to actual retching. Unquestionably, some prodigious music emerged from the prodigious loves, but on the whole we prefer to listen to the music and remain comfortably ignorant of its origins.

Science

MARVELS OF MODERN MECHANICS. By Harold T. Wilkins. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

An addition to the rapidly increasing crop of books complimenting the human race on its genius. The title leaves little to be said in outlining the contents. The author not only summarizes modern achievement in laboratory and experimental science and in the world of engineering, mechanics, and applied power generally, but also predicts, with admirable restraint for one so sanguine, what we may expect to enjoy in time to come. Knowledge and imagination coupled with the power of deduction may be relied on to anticipate with fair accuracy the developments of the future. With memories of the first moving pictures and the reports coming in from reliable sources, it would seem reasonable to prophesy that our progeny will be able to sit in a Broadway theater and watch the progress of the Olympic Games as they are fought out at Madrid. Mr. Wilkins does not treat us to this peep into the future, but it would not be out of place with the others.

The chapters on the raising of wrecks from the ocean floor and aviation are particularly romantic. In the last ten years it has been obvious to any thinking person that flying has been striding with seven-league boots towards complete safety and comfort. It is refreshing to learn what has actually been done and how much closer than we had imagined it is to practical perfection.

THE ROMANCE OF CHEMISTRY. By William Foster, Ph.D., Professor in Chemistry at Princeton University. The Century Company, New York. $3.

Professor Foster traces his subject from the ancient alchemist's search for the philosopher's stone and the transmutation of metals to the marvelous achievements attained in modern laboratories. It is indeed a romance—from happenchance discoveries, like that of phosphorus, down to radium and helium. Beyond this is a detailed account of chemical usefulness and application to arts and manufactures, entertainingly told. Sulphur, it is interesting to learn, is a pillar of industry as well as orthodoxy.

History

THE WAR MYTH IN UNITED STATES HISTORY. By C. H. Hamlin. The Vanguard Press, New York. 50c.

For those who believe with Benjamin Franklin that there never was a good war or a bad peace, Professor Hamlin furnishes a cogent historical background. Written as a monograph for the Association to Abolish War, he demonstrates the failure of force where common sense would have done so much better. But, alas, common sense is soon relegated to the background when the drums begin to beat! It has been so ever since Jason threw the stone among the earth children in Colchis. This is not meant to belittle a powerfully written and valuable volume. Would that all men—and women—might read it and become wise!

THE PEACEMAKERS OF 1864. By Edward Chase Kirkland. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

Perhaps "The Meddlers of 1864" would have been a more accurate title for Mr. Kirkland's interesting volume, which portrays the perplexities thrown in the path of President Lincoln by politicians and busybodies in the culminating days of the Rebellion. As a cross-section of history it fills a gap and enables the reader to grasp the details of a situation that might well have defeated all the aims for which the great conflict was ultimately fought.

Business

AN OUTLINE OF CAREERS. A Practical Guide to Achievement. Edited by Edward L. Bernays. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $5.

A large volume of essays by thirty-eight men and women who have done well in their respective lines. Written "for the guidance of young people" and stating the "requirements, opportunities, and pitfalls of their own fields of achievement."

Gardening

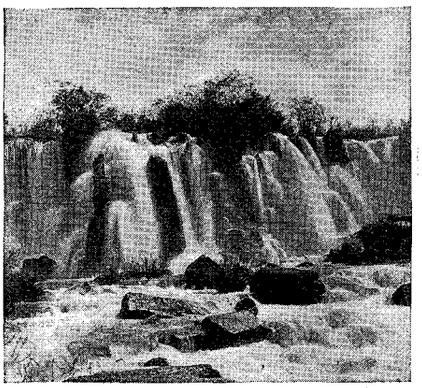
THE BEGINNER'S GARDEN. By Mrs. Francis King. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

All Mrs. King's garden books are good, and her latest, "A Beginner's Garden," is likely to be one of the most serviceable—by no means to beginners only. There are valuable hints to the more experienced of a practical nature, besides a chapter calling attention to a pleasure which too few gardeners have as yet discovered for themselves: that of what might be termed garden geography. It is interesting even to the mind which simply enjoys facts to know from what country far or near, from what mountain ranges or lush river-bottoms, where strange creatures prowl, the plants so comfortably domesticated in his garden originally came; while to the gardener blessed with imagination such knowledge affords the mind a fascinating run among fields of unguessed variety and charm.

Sociology

FRENCH SOCIETY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By Louis Ducros. G. P. Putnam Sons, New York. $5.

This is an interesting and valuable book—delightful browsing for any one with even a slight acquaintance with eighteenth-century France, a useful accompaniment and illumination for the student, and of special value to libraries in furnishing much varied information, social, historical, and personal. As M. Ducros modestly says, it is an attempt to show French life



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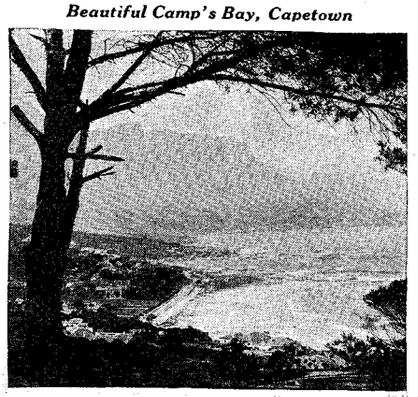

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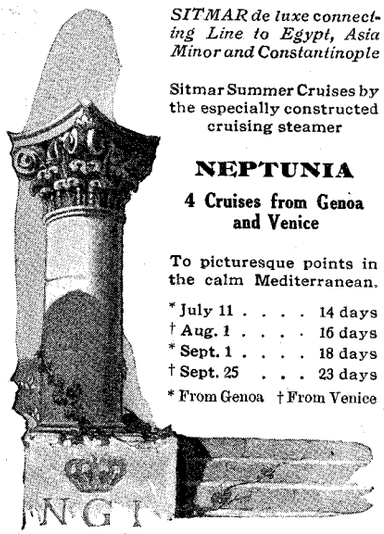

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in the eighteenth century as it really was. It does this by the same method used by W. S. Davis for twelfth-century Europe in his invaluable volume "Life on a Medieval Barony;" that is, by building up a text woven chiefly from contemporary writers that composes into a veritable cross-section of the life of the day—cutting down through the different social strata. M. Ducros begins at the top, with Versailles, picturing the formalisms and rigidities of the Court and the dignities, gayeties, and routine of the high nobility. Then comes Paris, the city itself, and its different callings and orders: the lawyers, the financiers, the doctors, the *bourgeois*, and the populace. We pass to the provinces, and the life of the clergy, the country gentry, the village, and the army; and then we are shown the emerging of public opinion as a new force in political and social life, the influence of the *salons*, and the qualities evinced in French manners. It is refreshing to find a volume devoted to French society in the eighteenth century that is not a chronicle of scandal, but a balanced, well-ordered presentation of the whole social fabric.

"To American Catholics"

From Letters to the Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook

MAY I be one of many to thank you for your article in The Outlook of May 4, "To American Catholics," it is so clear and unbiased a statement.

Mrs. WILLIAM PITT PALMER.
Lee, Massachusetts.

I WISH to express my appreciation of your fine editorial entitled "To American Catholics," which appeared in The Outlook of May 4. I do not know of any finer statement of the situation, or one better calculated to give to Roman Catholics the Protestant view-point.

I have felt that in the many comments upon Governor Smith's defense there has been a conspicuous failure to present the aspect which you so clearly described in your editorial.

I am ordering half a dozen copies of that issue so that I may distribute them among my Catholic friends.

Rev. W. W. T. DUNCAN.
Emory Methodist Episcopal Church,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

THE OUTLOOK of May 4 has just come in the mail, and I am so impressed by your article, "To American Catholics," that I feel impelled to write immediately to tell you, in my opinion, it is one of the most lucid, convincing, and just treatments of the subject I ever read.

PAULINE THURLOW FARLEY.
Richmond Heights, Ohio.

FOR some weeks I had been saying to myself, "It is time for somebody to speak up." I am glad to see in the May 4 issue of The Outlook that you had a similar impulse.

Once, when a college student, I happened to fall in with a young man who was principal of a Catholic high school. We got to discussing religion. I said, "I suppose your Church, like other churches these days, has men in it who see the Scriptures from a little different angle from what the fathers did and so have new interpretations of some passages in them?" "No," he said, "the Scriptures are authoritatively interpreted for us and we have to interpret them in that way." How abhorrent to democracy is such an idea! What could be more hostile to the growth of the individual soul and to society than just that? What becomes of the idea of progress under such a régime? I am glad you spoke.

I am, of course, conscious of the fact that this idea of the "divine right to rule" is not limited to Catholics.

WILLIAM F. CLARKE.
Duluth, Minnesota.

ALLOW me to congratulate you for your editorial in The Outlook of May 4, "To American Catholics." You have stated the case precisely, and must have rendered a real service to many open-minded Catholics who have been puzzled at the attitude of liberal Protestants toward their Church.

There is very likely more actual *religious* prejudice *within* denominations, than there is *between* Protestants and Catholics, Jews and Gentiles. And being a Presbyterian I think I am in a position to say so.

I thank you for your editorial and trust that it may shed much light upon the problem that is a perplexity to many good citizens.

J. EDWIN HARTMAN.
Re-Union Presbyterian Church,
Mount Pleasant, Pennsylvania.

A WORD of appreciation. Your article in The Outlook of May 4, "To American Catholics," is the very best statement of the facts it has ever been my pleasure to read—fair, just, and *kindly*. It should be printed and placed on sale in every bookstore and book-stand in America.

G. E. MILLSPAUGH.
Stamford, Connecticut.

I WISH to commend your editorial message, "To American Catholics," in The Outlook of May 4. This redeems the slightly overwrought commendation, as I view it, of Governor Smith's reply to Mr. Marshall, in your issue of April 27. "There are many who still feel that the Roman Catholic Church is not merely a religious body, but a political power which has in it elements of danger to American institutions." This is the gist of this whole controversy.

COLUMBUS BRADFORD.
Takoma Park, D. C.

I FEEL unable to refrain from highly commending your editorial in The Outlook of May 4 addressed "To American Catholics." It is couched in that tolerant spirit and sweet reasonableness that is more likely to impress than the intolerant attitude too often employed in discussing such questions. You particularly struck the nail on the head in your analogy presenting a potentate of the Church of England receiving the obsequious salute accorded by the most popular of Governors to a potentate of another hierarchy. It reminded me of the aphorism of Archbishop Whately, in his annotations to Bacon: "True wisdom consists in the ready and accurate perception of analogies."

W. S. WALKER.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

YOUR article on page 8 of the May 4 issue of The Outlook is admirable. I am surprised that so much talk has been wasted on the "religious issue," when, as you rightly say, it isn't a matter of religion at all, but of the very real machinations of a powerful politico-ecclesiastic organization. I congratulate you on your courage and your fairness.

RUFUS T. STROHM.
Scranton, Pennsylvania.

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By the Way

OTHER signs reported from the Pennsylvania Dutch country:

At a street corner in Lancaster, Pennsylvania: "Make slow around this corner or you'll get pinched."

Overheard on a platform, as a freight train went by: "Veen de little red car comes along, de train's all any more, ain't, Mom?"

A bishop recently addressed a large assembly of Sunday-school children, and wound up by asking, in a very paternal way:

"And now, is there any little boy or any little girl who would like to ask me a question?"

A thin, shrill voice at the back of the room called out, "Please, sir, why did the angels walk up and down Jacob's ladder when they had wings?"

"Oh, ah, yes—I see," said the bishop. "And now, is there any little girl who would like to answer that question?"

The go-getter is often a goat-getter.

A film magnate was approached, according to the "New Yorker," by an acquaintance of less affluent days with a request that he endorse a note for $5,000.

"All you have to do," said the man, "is sign this paper and the president of the Chatham and Phenix Bank will let me have the money."

"Do you know that bank president?" asked the magnate.

"Not personally."

"Well, do you think I'd let you borrow money from a strange bank president? An old friend like you? You have him endorse the note and I'll lend you the money myself."

The amounts invested in municipal advertising is greater than ever before. A long list is at hand, but just spotting a few indiscriminately is indicative of the rest. For example the following cities have annual appropriations for community advertising:

Atlanta, $1,000,000; Los Angeles, $1,000,000; Chattanooga, $250,000; Savannah, $50,000; Dallas, $50,000; Portland, $300,000; Seattle, $75,000; San Francisco, $140,000; Norfolk, $250,000.

From the Boston "Transcript:"

Rich Little Girl (seeing some poorly cared for children go by): "Poor little things! They have no nurses—only mothers."

Roadhouses and inns on the post roads near New York are said to use parked cars as decoys. They employ orchestras whose members drive individual cars. When the unknowing see several automobiles in front of an eating-place they feel that it is one of the popular resorts.

"Ever'thing else is changin' so much that I no longer feel at home anywhere 'cept at a circus," says Abe Martin.

"A good journalist," according to a reviewer in the "Nation and Athenæum" in London, "is one who can expand the material for a paragraph into a whole article, but never does so if he can avoid it; who is widely informed, but respects the limits of his information; who is violent in expressing his opinions, but reasonable in forming them; and who seeks to win the agreement of his readers, but would rather inspire their indignation than their indifference."

The Sunday school teacher, says "Life," asked the children what other qualities they should pray for besides honesty, truthfulness, obedience, and so forth.

"*Sales-resistance!*" piped up one little boy.

From an Exchange:

Jake: "What made ye leave, Si?"

Si: "It happened at breakfast this mornin', Jake, and I'd do it ag'in if I had to do it over. Mrs. Brown was busy bakin' cakes, an' when I took three or four, she stopped and looked straight at me an' said: 'Si Simpkins, do you know that's the twenty-fifth pancake you're eatin'?' and it made me so mad, I jest got up from the table an' went off without my breakfast."

A small boy was taken by his father to Washington to visit Congress. He was much interested in the chaplain, who always opened the sessions with a prayer. Both in the Senate and the House he had observed this procedure. Finally he asked:

"Papa, why does the minister come in every day and pray for Congress?"

"You've got it all wrong, son," replied his father. "The minister comes in every day, looks over Congress, and then prays for the country."

From the "Christian Science Monitor:"

For sheer non-committalism, the two little Negro boys who couldn't read take the cake. Sambo had received a book from the Christmas tree, and was being questioned by his little friend, Rastus.

"Boy, what's de name ob yo' book?"

Sambo scrutinized the title knowingly, then shoved the book under Rastus's nose, saying, "Dar yo' is!"

Rastus took a good look, and exclaimed, "Sho is, isn't it?"

"Ah don't ride on dem things," said the old colored lady, looking at the merry-go-round. "Why, de other day Ah seen Rastus Johnson git on an' ride as much as a dollah's worth an' git off at the very same place he got on at, and Ah sez to him 'Rastus,' Ah sez, 'you spent yo' money, but wha yo' been."

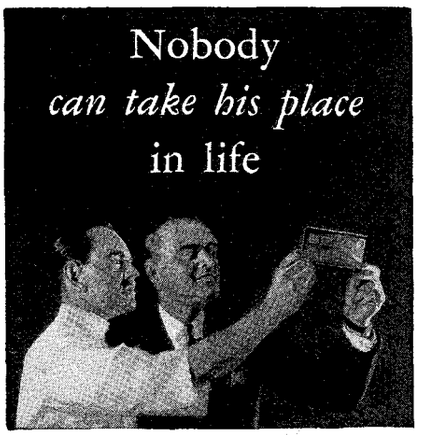
The "New Yorker" tells the true story of an elderly gentleman whose life has been spent in the service of a large business house, where without appreciable promotion, he has toiled at the mailing-desk for some forty dollars a week. Possibly because of unfulfilled desires, he had grown to look like a captain of industry, and lately has discovered that he can pick up extra money posing for illustrations of success advertisements. During the noon hour he often slips over to the studio of a commercial photographer, sits down splendidly at a large mahogany desk, poses as a business executive who is saying to one of his men: "Simmons, I want you to take charge of our Argentine branch," and gets back to his mail desk by two o'clock.

The president of his company, we are told, looks like a little old Western Union messenger.

Six words of five letters each are needed to complete the following anagram. Each word contains the same letters. Answer next week.

"How —— the crop?" the stranger cries,
"No good," the farmer-man replies.
And then with —— and sullen ——
—— up the —— and does not spare
The lone wild —— lurking there.

Answer to last week's anagram: "Polos," "loops," "pools," "sloop," and "spool."



Your Dentist Knows The Preventive Measures That Halt The Advance Of Health-Destroying Agents

The mouth is the source of many troubles, among them being Pyorrhea—a foe that penalizes 4 out of 5 after 40 and thousands younger.

Discourage This Enemy

Play safe! Have your dentist give your teeth and gums a thorough examination at least twice a year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums today.

This dentifrice is more than a tooth paste. It is health insurance that provides protection against grim Pyorrhea. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists everywhere. Forhan's firms the gums. It keeps teeth white and protects them against acids which cause decay.

See your dentist, often. And start using Forhan's regularly. Teach your children this health-habit. They'll love the taste of Forhan's. At all druggists—35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's *for the gums*

More Than a Tooth Paste . . . . It Checks Pyorrhea

Wanted—Cartoons

THE OUTLOOK wishes to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspaper. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. Cartoons should be mailed flat, not rolled. We pay one dollar ($1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost payment to which they were entitled because they failed to give the information which we require. It is impossible for us to acknowledge or return cartoons which prove unavailable for publication.

The Editors of The Outlook
120 East 16th Street New York City

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Rolls and Discs

By LAWRENCE JACOB ABBOTT

THE number of musical persons who take phonograph music seriously is steadily and rapidly growing. People who used to think records suitable only for marches and minuets now enjoy their sonatas and symphonies in "canned" form.

But there is an annoying drawback to the enjoyment of the longer forms of music. That is the necessity of stopping in the middle of a piece to change records. Not even the remarkable new Automatic Victrola can play a symphonic movement without interruption. And even more disturbing than the bother of turning over the disc is the musical suspense of having the music chopped off in mid-air. Some conductors—Mengelberg, for example—are content to end a record in the middle of a phrase, showing more respect for the bar line than for the musical thought which it houses. Enough to make any musician fidgety!

Is there a solution? One way of lessening the drawback would be to insist on ending a record only on a cadence that is satisfying at least to a degree—and to acquiesce in a slight revision in the music, if no temporary stopping place already exists in the score.

But this immediately raises another question. Has any soloist or conductor the artistic right to tamper with a piece of music, even for the aim of fitting the composition more logically to recorded music form? Has he the right to re-shape a masterpiece to fit a new frame?

Phonograph Records

TRIO NO. 1 IN B FLAT, Opus 99 (Schubert). Played by Alfred Cortot, Jacques Thibaud, and Pablo Casals. In eight parts, on four records. Victor.

To the concert goer it is a rare evening when three such consummate artists as Cortot, Thibaud, and Casals can be heard together. It is rare enough on the phonograph. But it is the phonograph's advantage that the permanence of its recording makes it possible to arrange for superlative performances. All too often this advantage has been made use of by transforming our finest singers and instrumentalists into purveyors of popular ditties. All too seldom has it given us all-star performances of chamber music.

In these records of the Schubert B Flat Trio there is double cause for thanks. For the performers combine individual excellence with a proper feeling for ensemble playing. In other words, the music does not suffer from the insubordination of any player. This is as it should be—yet in many cases solo work spoils a performer for the niceties of ensemble playing. In this respect the recording is like a performance at a concert of New York's Beethoven Association, where star soloists play or turn pages for their fellow artists with equal enthusiasm and sense of team-play. Although not tremendously distinctive, the trio is a delightful one. Where could you find a more tranquil beauty than in the second movement. Even in the gaily tripping scherzo, Schubert cannot avoid his singing melodiousness. The recording is pleasurably good—clear, true, and well-balanced.

SYMPHONY NO. 9 IN D MINOR, Opus 125 (Beethoven). Played by Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Albert Coates. In sixteen parts, on eight records. Victor.

Coates's interpretation of the Beethoven Ninth is not conventional, but he carries off the performance with such eloquence that it cannot help but be convincing. It is interesting to compare this set with the Weingartner performance issued by Columbia. Weingartner has tackled the symphony with the attitude of the craftsman; he is deliberate, detached, careful of detail; he carves out his phrases with precision. Coates supplies a more intense and dramatic reading. This naturally leads him into a faster tempo in many parts of the symphony—especially in the *scherzo*, which has an electrifying sweep of motion. The only place where Weingartner's slower tempo seems to me definitely more effective is the opening of the first movement, with its suggestion of foreboding. The Coates version has been somewhat more successful than the other in recording the choral part of the symphony. Both soloists and chorus are more convincing. It is hard to say how much is due to the performers and how much to the recording. In the recording of the orchestra there is not much to choose between the two, but the balance is slightly in favor of Weingartner. His strings have a softer, more velvety quality, and his tone is rounder.

REFLECTIONS ON THE WATER (Debussy); **CHANT D'AMOUR** (Stojowski). Played by Ignace Jan Paderewski. Victor.

ETUDES, Opus 10, No. 12 and No. 7; VALSE IN A MINOR, Opus 34, No. 2 (Chopin). Played by Ignaz Friedman. Columbia.

PRELUDE IN G MINOR; PRELUDE IN C SHARP MINOR (Rachmaninoff). Played by Ethel Leginska. Columbia.

You will not be disappointed in the Paderewski disc. The shimmering, colorful Debussy selection alone is justification for acquiring the record. Friedman's choice of a Chopin program, as well as his playing, is commendable. I should be perfectly satisfied if no more recordings were made of the two etudes—he fills the bill so admirably. The valse he plays dreamily, "in a contemplative fashion"—yet without becoming oversentimental. Ethel Leginska's playing has no braggadocio. It stresses the music rather than the musician—and, consequently, it brings freshness to the poor, overworked Rachmaninoff preludes. She does not seem bored with the C Sharp Minor, as Godowsky does in his recording.

THE MAGIC FLUTE—OVERTURE (Mozart). Played by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. In two parts, on one record. Columbia.

An engaging performance of Mozart's cheerful overture. The precision of the orchestra is something that all orchestral records should have. The recording is unusual in its clearness, balance, and tone; if it lacks anything, it is the subtle atmosphere of reality—the illusion of the concert-hall.

COPPÉLIA BALLET—Prelude and Mazurka (Delibes); **DERNIER SOMMEIL DE LA VIERGE** (Massenet). Played by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Henri Verbrugghen. Brunswick.

COPPÉLIA BALLET—Dance of the Automatons and Waltz (Delibes); **CAPRICE VIENNOIS** (Kreisler). Played by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Alfred Hertz. Victor.

Delibes occupies the same place in the ballet as Johann Strauss does in the waltz. "Coppélia Ballet" is light and frivolous music, but graceful—and it is hard to listen to it without imagining the motion of the ballet. Verbrugghen gives a swinging, rhythmic performance, but it is difficult to judge the record fairly because of an unpleasant blemish in the recording on the *forte* upper notes which produces the tone of an overloaded loudspeaker. Hertz plays his share charmingly. The Massenet number gives the Minneapolis Orchestra a chance to show a meltingly soft string tone. In "Caprice Viennois," the San Franciscans venture on the uncertain ground of transcription, and emerge remarkably well, avoiding an orchestral style.

NIGUN (IMPROVISATION)—from "Baal Shem" (Bloch). Played by Joseph Szigeti. Columbia.

When writing his "Baal Shem" Bloch was not experimenting with quarter-tones. He still enjoyed solid tonality. In "Nigun" there is an oriental tang combined with an irrelevance which produces an untamed flavor. It is appropriately played, not only by the violinist, but by the pianist, too, who has really more than an accompaniment.

GRETCHEN AM SPINNRADE; DU BIST DIE RUH' (Schubert). Sung by Elsa Alsen. Columbia.

RINALDO—Lascia ch'io pianga (Handel); **CARO MIO BEN** (Giordani). Sung by Elsa Alsen. Columbia.

Recordings of songs by the great song writers of the past century are not too numerous. These two of Schubert's should be welcome. The selection from "Rinaldo" is marked by dignified simplicity. All are sung with intelligence and without affectation.

ANDANTE CANTABILE—from Quartet, Opus 11 (Tchaikovsky); **THEME AND VARIATIONS—from The Emperor Quartet** (Haydn). Played by the Elman String Quartet. Victor.

It is forgivable to lift a movement from a quartet when it is such a perfect piece of quartet writing as Haydn's variations on his Austrian Hymn. But it is a shame to omit half the variations. Elman's quartet, romantically inclined, has a smooth, well-balanced tone. The recording is superb.

BORIS GODOUNOW—In the Town of Kazàn (Moussorgsky); **PRINCE IGOR—Song of Prince Galitsky** (Borodin). Sung by Feodor Chaliapin. Victor.

MEFISTOFELE—Dai campi, dai prati; Giunto sul passo estremo (Boito). Sung by Beniamino Gigli. Victor.

LA JUIVE—Rachel! quand du Seigneur la grâce (Halevy); **LE CID—ô souverain, ô juge, ô père!** (Massenet). Sung by Charles Hackett. Columbia.

FAUST—Le parlate d'amore (Gounod); **DON CARLOS—O don fatale** (Verdi). Sung by Margarete Matzenauer. Victor.

Space limitations forbid all but a listing of these opera selections. I recommend the Chaliapin disc as being different, as steeped in the Russian idiom, and as sung with fitting recklessness.

Piano Rolls

HUNGARIAN—Opus 39, No. 12 (MacDowell). Played by John Powell. Duo-Art.

One of a series of twelve etudes for the development of technique, "Hungarian" has all the fire and syncopation of a Brahms Hungarian Dance. John Powell whirls it through its brief course with the impetuosity of a tornado.

TURQUIE—"Au Jardin de Vieux Serail," Opus 18, No. 3 (Blanchet). Played by Irwin Nyiregyhazi. Ampico.

There is oriental atmosphere in this piece, but not the hackneyed "oriental" touches. The composer shows an interesting harmonic sense, but becomes too orchestral in his climax. It is brilliantly played.

ON THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE—Arabesque on Strauss Waltz (Schulz-Evers). Played by Josef Lhévinne. Ampico.

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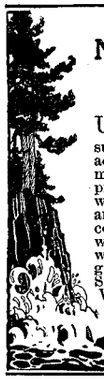
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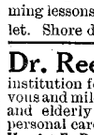
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"Twenty Questions" on General Information

Answered in this issue of The Outlook

Give yourself 5 points for each question correctly answered. One hundred points is a perfect score. You can find the correct solution on the pages cited.

1. For what country does U. S. S. R. stand? (P. 176.)
2. By what body was the World Economic Conference called into action? (P. 175.)
3. Who was the "Grandmother of the Russian Revolution"? (P. 190.)
4. What is a Parmachene Belle? (P. 187.)
5. Where is the Island of Fernando de Noronha? (P. 172.)
6. Where did Robert Fulton first successfully propel a steamboat? (P. 179.)
7. What was the first steamship to be driven across the Atlantic? (P. 179.)
8. Who was the builder of the first locomotive? (P. 179.)
9. What was the date of its first successful trip? (P. 179.)
10. What was the date of the Louisiana Purchase? (P. 181.)
11. Who was President of the United States in 1882? (P. 181.)
12. Who is John R. Freeman? (P. 182.)
13. What place has been selected as President Coolidge's vacation home? (P. 175.)
14. How old is York Minster? (P. 176.)
15. Where is Theodore Roosevelt buried? (P. 174.)
16. Who wrote the "Fallodon Papers"? (P. 175.)
17. Where is Poydras? (P. 184.)
18. How many States are there in the Union? (P. 186.)
19. Who is President of Nicaragua? (P. 178.)
20. What is Mussolini's first name? (P. 176.)

Contributors' Gallery

It seems simpler to name the important hydraulic engineering projects in this country in which John R. Freeman has not been associated than those in which he has. Boston, New York, Los Angeles, Baltimore, San Francisco, and many other cities have consulted him on their water supply problems; he planned water power developments on the St. Lawrence River and the Hetch Hetchy water supply in California. He was a consulting engineer on the Isthmian Canal and also to the Chinese Government, and has served as President of both the American Society of Civil Engineers and the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. As will be seen from his article, Mr. Freeman has made an extensive personal study of the problems of the Mississippi.

Jessie Orr White is an instructor in the Masters School at Dobbs Ferry, New York.

Henry Marion Hall, it is almost unnecessary to state, is an ardent fisherman. He contributes to "Forest and Stream" and other magazines. He is planning a fishing trip in the Pyrennees this summer.

Publishers' Announcement

THERE were seven wonders in the ancient world—that little circle of civilization that rimmed the tideless waters of the Mediterranean. Who can say how many there are in the world to-day?

"Regions Cæsar never knew" lie far beyond even the fabulous boundaries of the cradle of Western life. And yet to dwellers in our world, modern means of transportation have brought these distant lands closer together than Gaul was to the seat of the Roman Empire. San Francisco is nearer New York to-day than Boston was even in the days of our own Revolution.

With this startling and epoch-making change in the time-dimensions of our globe, traveling has become an essential of a full life. Men and women find it necessary to-day to know their way about Egypt and Greece, Alaska and Brazil, California and Japan as their fathers and mothers did about the streets of their own home towns.

For many years The Outlook has maintained a Travel Bureau designed to smooth away even such difficulties as remain in the way of travelers in strange lands. That Travel Bureau is in the hands of one who is thoroughly competent to respond to the needs of readers of The Outlook, whether those readers contemplate a week-end trip or a world tour.

As a reminder of the service which The Outlook stands ready to render its readers I propose to publish from time to time views of some of the modern wonders which await the traveler's eye. To the places pictured, to any place your fancy dictates, The Outlook stands ready to help you find the easy path. Within the past few months over three thousand readers have taken advantage of the service of our Travel Bureau. May we not have a chance to serve you some time during the coming year?

Harold T Pulsifer

Publisher.

Outlook Travel Bureau
EVA R. DIXON, *Director*
120 East 16th Street
New York City

I am contemplating a trip to.....with a party of..... Please give me a preliminary idea of the cost of such a trip and such suggestions as to my travel route as you may deem of value.

Name.....

Address.....

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